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Poetry.

A WATCHWORD FOR THE NEW YEAR.

When you find a certain lack
In the stiffness of your back
At a threatened fierce attack,
Just the hour
That you need your every power,
Look a bit
For a thought to baffle it.
Just recall that every knave,
Every coward can be brave
Till the time
That his courage should be prime—
Then 'tis fled.
Keep your head!
What a folly 'tis to lose it
Just the time you want to use it!

When the ghost of some old shirk
Comes to plague you and to lurk
In your study or your work,
Here's a hit
Like enough will settle it.
Knowledge is a worthy prize;
Knowledge comes to him who tries—
Whose endeavor
Ceases never.
Everybody would be wise
As his neighbor,
Were it not that they who labor
For the trophy creep, creep, creep,
While the others lag or sleep;
And the sun comes up some day
To behold one on his way
Past the goal
While in the soul
Of another has desired,
But whose motto was, "I'm tired."

When the task of keeping guard
Of your heart—
Keeping weary watch and ward
Of the part
You are called upon to play
Every day—
Is becoming dry and hard—
Conscience languid, vistne irksome,
Good behavior growing worksome—
Think this thought:
Doubtless everybody could,
Doubtless everybody would,
Be superlatively good,
Were it not
That it's harder keeping straight
Than it is to deviate;
And to keep the way of right
You must have the pluck to fight.
—St. Nicholas for January.

THE SLEIGH RIDE.

Just room for two, not too much room;
I tuck her in all snug and warm;
I'm conscious of her hair's perfume
And of the nearness of her arm.
I shake the lines out free and gay,
The sleigh bells chime, and we're away.

Across the crisp and glittering snow,
Leaving behind the city street,
Its garish glare and noise, we go
Into the darkness still and sweet;
And here and there a household gleam
Flits by us in a dying dream.

How speed the horses gayly driven!
The sweet bells clatter silvery mirth,
And every star is white in heaven
And every field is white on earth.
How dark the brightness seems, how bright
The darkness of the winter night!

We pass the open road like wind,
But in the dim and shadowy lanes
Our wild pace slackens, and I find
One hand enough to hold the reins;
And, somehow, when I try to speak,
My words are kisses on her cheek.

Ah, life is fair in many ways,
And full of dear, enchanting hours!
And love is sweet in summer days,
'Mid blossoming paths and sylvan bowers;
But let me choose, all bliss above,
A sleigh ride with the girl I love.
—Hartford Times.

TO A BLUSH.

The deep'ning flush of early dawn—
A petal from a red rose torn—
The tender pink that May-trees wear
When spring's soft promise fills the air—
The tinted lining of a shell—
No eloquence their charm can tell.

Then how shall halting words of mine
Describe that rosy hue divine,
Which, like the morning glow above,
Seemed as the very dawn of love,
Growing from tint to shade, from hue to
flush,
Till it became the Poem of a Blush.
—London Sun.

Miscellany.

HAPPY IN IGNORANCE.

The Simple Life of a Georgia Mountaineer.

The mountaineer, with his covered wagon laden with apples and cabbages, is beginning to wend his way to our town, says the Toccoa (Ga.) News. He and his conveyance make a picturesque sight, but of this fact he is as ignorant as he is of the ways of fashionable society. Up among the spurs of the Blue Ridge, where the atmosphere is pure and bracing, where cool, clear springs burst boldly from the craggy hillsides and rush gleefully seaward, and where nature presents some of her most charming phases, the mountaineer has built an unpretentious home. Though perhaps not fully appreciative of his surroundings, he loves the mountain and his humble and peaceful mode of life.

An ancient philosopher has said "that man approaches nearest to perfect happiness who has fewest wants." Measured by this rule, the mountaineer is quite a happy individual. He desires no better house or furniture and no finer clothing than he possesses. His little farm furnishes him with an abundance of corn for bread, and for "mountain dew," rye, wheat, cabbage, etc., while chickens innumerable swarm around his cabin, and rosy-cheeked apples hang in profusion from the orchard trees. He is not ambitious, and he pines neither for wealth nor fame. The old-fashioned loom and spinning wheel are still in use in his household and furnish most of the cloth used by the family.

He needs a little money to pay taxes and for some other purposes occasionally. One of the easiest ways, for him to obtain cash is to convert some of his corn into liquid form.

He has no more compunctions of conscience in doing this than the wife in making jam out of blackberries. When he does not resort to moonshining to make money at this season of the year, he loads a wagon with cabbages and apples, occasionally placing a jug of mountain dew or keg of applejack underneath his produce. He hitches his slow but sure oxen to the wagon and starts to market, often twenty-five, thirty, and even fifty miles distant. Time is not regarded as money by him, and if he is absent from home eight or ten days he cares not. He carries food for himself and his cattle and sleeps in a wagon, so his expense on the trip is nothing.

When his produce has been disposed of he buys some salt, a little sugar, and that is about all. If his load brings him $5 or $10 he considers that all clear profit. A little later in the season he may be expected to return with chestnuts. Thus for generations has lived among the grandest scenery in Georgia the mountaineer, in his primitive and simple way. Perhaps it was of such as he of whom the poet said: "Where ignorance is bliss 'twere folly to be wise." The mountaineer is a unique character, but he doesn't know it.

Mamma's Fault.

Mamma—Now, listen, Freddie; the doctor said that it was that little bit of candy you ate last night that made you sick.

Freddie—Well, you know how I asked you over and over again to give me a whole lot.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Woman's Way of Keeping Peace.

Mrs. Muzzler (on a visit)—I trust, my daughter, that you make your husband happy?

The Daughter (bride of one year)—Oh, yes, mamma! Whenever we quarrel I get him to give in and make up.—Chicago Record.

Sectionalism Rampant.

If there is no sectional bias shown by the Wilson bill, why is it that the duty on potatoes, reckoned on an ad valorem basis, is 10 per cent, while that on cleaned rice is 70 per cent?—Utica Herald.

THE COON WAS DEAD.

How Martin Carried Out the Judge's Instructions.

Old Judge Allison was a famous character in Kentucky in the early days following the war, and as time passed his popularity seemed to increase. They called him judge long before he was elected to the office, perhaps on the theory that he deserved some title and had never earned any in the military line.

He had been a man of substance in slavery days, and, among other property, owned a black man named Martin, a very excellent fellow. Martin was a blacksmith, and was allowed by his master to do work for pay whenever he had time enough to devote to it.

After the war, Martin refused to leave the judge, and while devoting more of his labor to the paying public he was at all times subject to the call of his former master.

There was a contest for the office of county judge, and Allison became a candidate. He was not a trained lawyer, and had had no legal experience of any kind. But he was a man of the soundest sense, and his great popularity overbalanced all criticism. He was elected.

One night some hogs were stolen from a field right across the road from Martin's blacksmith shop and Martin

"WHY, HE'S DEAD, MARSE JUDGE!"

was arrested and charged with the crime. He was terribly frightened. Hog-stealing in Kentucky is one of the unpardonable sins, and a prisoner convicted of it is sure of a heavy sentence at the hardest labor.

Martin stood trembling before Judge Allison and declared he had not stolen the hogs.

Don't lie, Martin," said the magistrate, sternly.

"'Fore God, Marse Judge Allison," protested the prisoner, with a frightened negro's admixture of all the titles of honor, both before and since the war, "'fore God I never tuck 'em. I 'low I don't hafto steal. I'se got a good trade, I is. I buy my po'k."

"It don't seem reasonable, Martin. But somebody must have stolen them. If it wasn't you, who was it?"

"Well, I know who it was, judge."

"You do?"

"Yessa."

"Who?"

"It was dat triflin' nigga on Colonel Bascom's place,"

"Pete Willit?"

"Yessa. It was Pete Willit."

"How do you know?"

"'Cause the man 't stole dem hogs took a wrench from my shop to git the gate off with. And Pete, he brought back my wrench, and he laughed, and he 'low Ise a fool—eatin' salt po'k while he have spareribs."

"He did, did he?"

"Yessa."

"Well, Martin, you go and git Pete Willit. Git that nigger and bring him in here."

"I 'fraid he won't come, Marse Judge."

"You bring him, dead or alive—do you hear?"

"Yessa."

And Martin vanished without the ghost of a bail bond or the hint of a guard.

Early next day Judge Allison was listening to a case of common assault when he heard a rather unusual commotion outside, and looked up to see Martin standing in the doorway, hat in hand, with a puzzled expression on his face and a crowd of excited people behind him.

"Here's dat nigga, Marse Judge," he said, with a tone which indicated he was resuming a subject dropped but a moment before.

"What nigger?" demanded the judge soberly.

"Dat Pete Willit."

"Oh! Oh, yes. Well, bring him in."

"Why, he's dead, Marse Judge, I cain't bring him in."

"Dead! What do you mean?"

"Why, Marse Judge Allison, you tole me to fetch him dead or alive, an' he wouldn't come, so I had to kill him. But I fotch 'im."

Judge Allison said afterward he never was more embarrassed in his life.

But what became of Martin, the negro?

Well, Martin was indicted, but he was admitted to bail and went on about his business. Pete Willit was undoubtedly the thief, and public sentiment would not have permitted Martin to suffer. His case was postponed term after term, and at last was simply pigeon-holed somewhere and left to die. It hasn't been heard of in fifteen years.

THE SWEET THING.

Miss Curtly—Ah, Miss Dewnose! we were speaking of you at our 5 o'clock tea yesterday.

Miss Dewnose—Oh, dear!—and I've tried so hard to be respectable!—Puck.

Mabel—Of all the different races of people you saw at the Fair, which was the most disagreeable to you?

Blanche—Oh, dear me, the chaperon, all the time.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Young Lady—Oh! Oh! Oh! I never in the world could climb into that upper berth.

Porter—Just imagine it's a tally-ho coach, ma'am.—Life.

"Did you ever notice what shocking shoes Willie Wibbles wears?" said one girl to another.

"Yes, I noticed it last evening. And how much redder his face looked than usual."

"It was remarkable. Some absent-minded barber must have given his shoes a shampoo, and put russet polish on his head."—Washington Star.

A young woman who dropped into a shoe store the other day to get a number — shoe was greatly dissatisfied, though the stock was large and luxurious.

"Can't we suit you with these fine goods, miss?" said the bland salesman.

"You have none I can wear," said the young lady. "I must have a pair black on the bottom, as I am in mourning."—Judge.

Ahead.

Carlisle seems to haev greater facility in the shifting of his opinions than has been displayed by any previous secretary of the Treasury.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

HIS MANUSCRIPT RETURNED,

And He Nearly Lost Its Sale by Not Examining It.

A writer was telling a story the other day which should interest authors, for who of them is so great or fortunate that he has not known the anguish of having favorite manuscripts returned. The gathering was "talking shop," says the New York Tribune.

"You know how you feel," he said, "when you have done something good. No one needs to tell you that it is good. You know that. You can't help feeling it. It is as sure a thing as the rising of the sun.

"This one I sent off in a sort of ecstatic dream. I had not the slightest doubt about it. I knew that it would be several days before I got an answer—the usual days—but that delay was not waiting; it was only 'clinching the thing.' And then it came. I was in my library when my maid brought it to me. It was returned. There it was—the big, fat envelope. I knew what the note which accompanied it would say, and I would not read it. I did not even open the envelops. I laid it aside, and I must confess that just then I lost faith in a certain editor, a warm friend of mine. If he did not recognize the merit of that bit of work he could not be the able editor some people, including myself, had believed him to be. I have never felt worse over a rejected manuscript than I felt over that. I got into a depth of gloom that was appalling. I just sat there in my library in what Englishmen call a blue funk. My wife, alarmed by the silence there, came in.

"'Is anything wrong?' she asked.

"'Nothing, dear,' I answered; 'only another ideal shattered.'

"'Another ideal?'

"'Yes, X—. He's like the rest of them dull, obtuse, stupid—criminal,' I added, with terrible gravity and sternness.

"'What has he done now?'

"'Sent back "The Unknown."'

"That was the end of the discussion. But that evening I could not resist the temptation to pull out that envelope and look at it. Then I tore off the end to read over my manuscript. I let the enclosed note lie untouched, but went over the story, line by line, word by word. It was good; there was no denying it, and at the end my wrath rose. I picked up the miserable note to see what the editor could say in defense of his folly in rejecting such matter. The note was like this: 'I congratulate you. This is the best yet, but you or somebody has stepped on several pages of the MS. so that they are wholly illegible. Please make them clear and send them right back.' I slept that night very sweetly."

GOOD AND BAD PROPERTIES.

Universal Popularity of Tea Due to Its Stimulating Qualities.

Aside from the comparative cheapness of tea and the ease with which it can be prepared, it is chiefly owing to its stimulating effect that it has become so universal a beverage, says Youth's Companion. Yet so productive is its constant use of untoward results, that a prominent writer on matters of health has been led to speak of it as "the cup that cheers, but worse than inebriates."

Stimulants are by no means the least valuable of drugs; but their effect is entirely a temporary one. Under no circumstances are they to be looked upon as life-sustaining to any one of the tissues. By their use we may get initially, an increased organic action or a general functional activity; but the secondary effect is that of an irritant, and they finally act as paralyzants.

Tea differs in no wise from the rest of the class to which it belongs, and the dizziness, trembling, delirium, heart irregularity, and even spasms and convulsions, which are often exhibited in the case of the excessive tea drinker, but serve to show to what degree the proper action of a drug may become perverted.

But it should be remarked that medical authorities are agreed that a moderate amount of well made tea is not injurious.

Two ingredients of tea chiefly concern us—tannic acid and the active principle itself, theine. The former appears in the proportion of from 5 to 10 per cent, and the latter to the extent of 3 or 4 per cent; and since the acid is a distinctly harmful substance, the problem is to get an infusion of tea which will have the least amount of this deleterious substance, and at the same time be strongest in the active principle.

It has been found by experiment that nearly the full amount of theine which it is possible to extract is already dissolved at the end of five or ten minutes; while, on the other hand, the tannin constantly increases in amount to double the quantity.

It has also been found that soft water, or water that has been boiled for some time, will dissolve a greater amount of the acid, while the amount of theine in solution is not appreciably increased.

It appears, then, that we can make our tea pleasing to the taste and harmless to the health if, after reducing the leaves to a powder, we add hard water which has just reached the boiling point, and serve the decoction in five or ten minutes.

ON A BARGAIN HUNT.

Kind-Hearted Lady—Are these little cash-boys able to hold their positions long at a time?

Old Shopper—Well, try waiting for your change once, and you'll soon discover.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Saleslady—Those are lovely sugar-tongs; quadruple plated. We warrant them for twenty-five years. If they don't wear, we give you your money back.

Male Victim—I don't know; I think we need coal tongs worse than we do sugar tongs.

Saleslady—Oh, well, you can use them for that, if you like.—Washington Star.

It had been over four months since they were engaged, and as they read the evening paper together he said:

"See, my dear, only $20 for a suit!"

"Is it a wedding suit?" she asked, sweetly.

"No, a business suit."

"Well, I meant business," she answered.—Life.

Marie Corelli Explains.

Marie Corelli has shocked public sentiment a good deal by her last tale which deals with the life of Christ. She has not Gen. Wallace's reverent and solemn touch, and she has dragged, her critics say, the story of the gospel down to the level of nineteenth century sensationalism. But with sublime assurance she writes to explain her motives: "My object was to call to mind, if possible, in the rush of this money-getting age, a vivid remembrance of what the sufferings of Christ really must have been in his tragic martyrdom."

A Monument to McLaughlin.

Editor—There is a movement on foot to erect a monument to Mr. McLaughlin in Brooklyn.

Spacery!—But he isn't dead.

Editor—Of course not; but the people over there feel like doing something to encourage him.—Puck.

Found at Last.

Employment Agent—How does your wife like the girl I sent her?

Mr. Upton—That girl must be an angel straight from heaven. She's been with us a week, and my wife has not made a complaint.—New York Weekly.

Proof Positive.

Cherubim—I guess that man who said he was from Chicago is all right.

St. Peter—Have you discovered anything?

Chrubim—Yes; he has worn out two horns in three days.—Judge.

Success and Dynamite.

The anarchists of Berlin have split into two factions and each is vowing bloody vengeance upon the other. Success and plenty of dynamite to both sides!—Minneapolis Journal.

THERE WAS A CHANGE,

And the Two Dollars Was Applied on the Tab.

When Sam Evans was on earth it was a bad time for barkeepers. Sam knew many ways to delude them into providing him with liquor, and he managed to discover a new one whenever the old failed to work. But, like all successful men, he pushed his specialty too far when he ran against Bill Downs, compounder for Bully & Brag, saloonkeepers.

Sam came in one day after an absence of a week from the place, and found bill behind the bar. He had never seen the new bartender before, but he looked upon that fact as one big point in his favor.

"Whisky," said Sam.

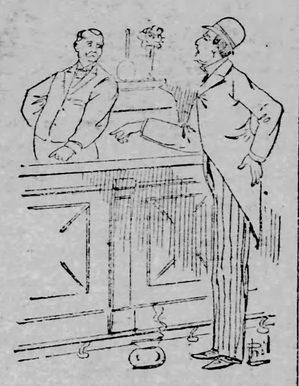
Bill Down placed the bottle and glass within easy reach. Sam helped himself, wiped his lips, took a clove, nodded toward the sideboard, and said:

"Put it down on my tab—Sam Evans."

"Well," said Bill, in a mildly protesting tone, "I don't know you. I don't like to do business that way."

"Why, Brag knows me," said Sam. "It's all right. I've got a tab for $2—pretty near $2. Put it on the tab. It's all right."

"No, it isn't all right," said Bill. "I



"DON'T I GET ANY CHANGE?"

would rather you paid. Mr. Brag isn't here. I don't know you. You better pay for it."

"Why, I tell you it's all right. Put it on my tab. I've done business in this place ever since they started. Put it down with the rest."

Bill walked around from behind the counter with that ominous calmness which has been the heritage of bouncers time out of mind.

"You dig down and find the money for that drink," he said. And he fronted Sam with an ugly light in his eye.

Sam had no recourse. He went down and found a $2 bill, which he gave to the bartender. Then he leaned against the bar and waited. Bill took the money, walked back to his place, dropped the bill in the till and slammed the drawer shut.

Presently Sam said:

"Well, don't I get any change?"

"No," said Downs firmly. "I'll apply that $2 bill on your tab. It just about squares us. Good morning."

And that was what Sam Evans paid for one drink of whisky.

THE FRENCH WOMAN OF SOCIETY.

Fascinating but Not Pretty, Easy Going and Rarely Beautiful.

The genuine French woman of society is rarely beautiful. She is always more or less fascinating, says the North American Review. Like the French nobleman she is tall, lithe, intelligent, appreciative of art, with much delicacy of feeling, and has either very strong, almost bigoted principles, or none at all. As there is no possibility for the development of love before marriage this most natural of all human passions is apt to assert its power long after the excitable young French woman has contracted an alliance with some "unsympathetic fellow," and it needs much character and very solid virtue to resist the courtship of enterprising young French noblemen, who swarm around young brides with the skepticism of true libertines. Women of strict principles who have not become nuns on leaving school, and who have the courage to withstand the current of youth and passion, lead, after marriage, for the most part, lives of silent domestic martyrdom. Those who have rather loose morals, and they are perchance the greater number, seem to have a pretty good time of it and spend their golden years trompant leurs maris with a vengeance, while they bring up their children with the greatest severity on a system of blindfold ignorance. In fact, the cool way the French women have of being immoral without giving up going to church on Sunday is a mystery. One sister will be a Carmelite and the other will accept the homage of half a dozen admirers. Yet both have been educated in the same convent; both have shared the same life till the age of 18, when the gay, laughing Bonita entered a religious order, and the dark, almond eyed sister sought the marriage tie for the sole purpose of securing freedom.

To Tax Church Property.

A movement is on foot in several of the large cities looking to the taxation of church property. In St. Louis a bill has been prepared which will be introduced into the legislature. At a recent ministers' meeting in New York the same thing was advocated. It is a significant fact that the clergymen themselves, to a large extent, are behind this movement. Word comes that in St. Louis "one denomination has millions of dollars' worth of property which it is holding at no expense for the purpose of realizing higher prices." There seems to be no reason why this property should not be taxed. One denomination in New York owns properties situated on a leading avenue which are worth immense sums. This same movement was advocated years ago, but the opposition was strong enough to defeat it. Many of the religious papers are now confident, however, that it will be successful.

An Island Missing.

The American ship Daniel Barnes, from Caleta Buena, Chili, reports the total disappearance of an island in the South Pacific ocean. On October 10, Captain Arpe says, he passed over the exact spot where Podesta island is laid down on the chart. He had men aloft looking for land, and, although it was daylight and perfectly clear, he says that nothing could be seen of it. The island was about forty feet high, three-fourths of a mile in diameter, and in longitude 89 degrees 1' W., latitude 33 degrees 15' S. It is thought that some volcanic disturbance on the mainland caused the island to disappear.—Baltimore American.

To Get Out of the Church.

A good story is told of our Presbyterian brethren, says the Living Age. Some time ago, one of them, remonstrating with that prevailing class of persons who go in and out of churches at their sweet will, said: "There are three ways of getting out of the Presbyterian church. You can't resign. To get out of the Presbyterian church, you must behave badly, and so be cast out, or you must take a letter of dismissal to some other evangelical body, or you must die and go to heaven!"

A Philosopher.

Boston Mother—Tommy, if you don't keep quiet I shall be compelled to whip you very hard.

Thomas (aetat 6)—Mother! How illogical! Does it not occur to you that a severe castigation will only have the effect of increasing the volume of sound I may be producing?—Chicago Record.

Wait.

Watts—When you were at the Fair did you not notice that the Orientals far surpassed us in politeness?

Potts—Well, they ought to. They don't have to fight for seats in the street cars in that country. Just wait till they adopt trolley lines.—Indianapolis Journal.

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A FAIR VIRGINIAN.

A TALE OF THE FIRST BULL RUN.

By DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CIVILIAN.

The recruiting officers' drum taps resounded throughout the states North and South. The masses in the North that were scornfully termed the "mud-sills" of society by Southern editors and orators slowly apprehended the truth. The deliberate preparations for the conflict they now foresaw when it was too late to diminish the intensity or bitterness of the feelings aroused in both great sections of the country fully justified the comparison frequently made then and later by impartial historians, who said the North was as patient as the ox, and was only aroused to action by the panther like spring of the South.

The "mud-sills" abandoned their plows in the furrow, threw down their trowels, hammers and planes, stepped shoulder to shoulder with the clerks, who laid down their pens to shoulder a gun for the first time, while all patiently learned the manual of arms and speedily became adepts in the school of the soldier. The North was roused from its lethargy—the call to arms had fired the Northern heart. The Northern "mud-sills" and Southern "fire-eater" were resolved—eager to measure their respective strength.

The men to whom the people in the North looked for counsel in a great crisis were plunged in the bitterness of despair, when an army of thoroughly equipped men poured into the national capital, dissipating the harrowing fears, restoring confidence and renewing hope in the nation's future. From the President down to the page in Congress, the inhabitants of Washington welcomed the 15,000 men composing Pennsylvania's reserve corps as saviours.

Once more the national capital trembled under the tread of solid columns. The air was full of the bustling sounds denoting extraordinary activity and energy.

Following fast on the heels of the well disciplined army Pennsylvania sent into the field within the brief period of 48 hours, was a host of earnest men who were eager to contribute the sinews of war at a time when chaos reigned in the capital. Accompanying the earnest single minded merchants and manufacturers who were lavish in their gifts to the government, were thousands who hastened to Washington in quest of sons and brothers who were wounded or killed in the first great battle.

As a detachment of troops marched from a railway depot, a young man in the crowd of spectators lining the streets turned to his companion.

"Isn't it glorious. I like to hear the bands, the drums and the fifes, and to see the flags waving."

"War is horrible."

The young man turned around quickly. The remark was not addressed to him; the speaker apparently had simply proclaimed her conviction. She looked at her companion, a man of large stature with massive frame and strongly marked features. The bulk of this man as well as the resolution expressed in his face impressed the youth, who silently made room for them.

"They look well," said the large man as he glanced along the ranks moving past him.

"I never realized till now, general, why Xerxes wept when he looked over his hosts," said his companion with a little shiver. "I can believe the story now. To think that many of those gallant men are doomed to fall in battle soon! The very thought distresses me. War is cruel—brutal—demoralizing."

The last word was accompanied by a little gasp. Her companion looked down on her gravely.

"Nevertheless, war—and this war especially, is unavoidable, Miss Maxwell."

"But surely it may be made less horrible. Think of the thousands on both sides that will never return to their homes again; that will miss the faces they love best; that will be compelled to endure hardships and sickness, hunger and thirst, with no hand to offer them so much as a cup of water. Surely there is a way to lessen these things."

"I am afraid I cannot agree with you there, Miss Maxwell. The opportunities for softening the rigors of war must necessarily be limited."

"I observed how thankful some of these poor men were for a glass of water on their journey. Think of it, general. They risk their lives."

"I do think of it—day and night. But so long as matters of greater importance occupy our minds I do not see how such details as your kind heart suggests can be looked after. Just now all our resources are taxed to procure arms and ammunition. That rascal Floyd has robbed our arsenals—the country needs engines of war more than anything else. I do not think our women could be better employed than in picking lint."

"Some of us will find time to do more than pick lint," Miss Maxwell replied with spirit. "If no else will do it, I will see that Pittsburg's substantial men will at least contribute enough to give every soldier who passes through the city a hearty meal, general."

"I admire your spirit." Her companion smiled. "I am afraid it will be labor in vain. Think! What would it cost to support servants to wait upon regiments? Hundreds of thousands of soldiers may—in all probability will pass through Pittsburg. How could you possibly cook for, let alone serve thousands at an hour's notice?"

"The women of Pittsburg will wait upon them, general."

The general drew a long breath. Evidently he deemed his companion visionary or at least impracticable. The answer shaped in his mind was not uttered. At that moment his eyes rested upon a gentleman at a little distance from them. The gentleman was a staff officer of the general. Miss Maxwell following his gaze observed a man whose face and manner would have attracted attention in any assembly. Finding the crowd obstructing his passage, and the interval between himself and the tall gentleman gradually increasing, the general called:

"Governor, this way."

The tall gentleman looked around; the two tall men looked at each other over all the other heads. A minute later the tall gentleman grasped the general's hand cordially, as he said:

"Glad to meet you, General Moorhead." He lifted his hat in deference to the general's companion. The general returned the greeting with equal heartiness, then said smilingly:

"Miss Maxwell, this is our great war governor—Andrew Curtin. Washington is indebted to him for peace and safety to-day more than any other man."

The governor blushed to the roots of his hair, but his response, which was as witty as it was ready, provoked a laugh—the first laugh Miss Maxwell indulged in since she left home. She had time to remark that the great war governor, like the general, had blue eyes. The governor's smile was genial. Miss Maxwell remarked that he was more graceful than tall men usually are, but the thing that impressed her most was the rare quality of making himself agreeable. There was an undefinable charm in this distinguished looking man who was quoted throughout the Union as the "war governor" of Pennsylvania.

"We are very fortunate to meet you, governor," said the general. "What have you done with my friend, Maxwell? He gave you a letter from me."

The governor arched his brows. "Miss Maxwell's brother—Richard Maxwell. He called on you on the 17th or 18th. When did he leave home, Miss Maxwell?"

The general turned to his companion.

"He arrived here on the 17th," said Miss Maxwell.

The governor looked meaningly at the general as he replied: "I recall the name—and your letter now. The press of business the last three days has been so great, general, that I had forgotten your friend." The general was regarding the governor keenly now. Miss Maxwell, looking up suddenly intercepted the glances passing between the governor and her friend.

"You have not informed us where we will find Richard," said Miss Maxwell. The governor hesitated; he ran his fingers through his hair as he mentally framed a suitable answer which was never uttered, for the general said in a grave tone:

"Whatever it is, governor, Miss Maxwell had best be told the truth now. It is useless to attempt to deceive her, even if we were inclined to do so, which I am not. My young friend is a woman of great fortitude."

"It is not so bad as that," the governor replied quickly. "Indeed, Miss Maxwell," he added with real concern, "I am not sure that I am not greatly to blame for exciting your fears. I did not immediately connect the name of the general's friend with you. Richard Hope Maxwell—that is the name, I think—" Miss Maxwell bent her head. "Introduced himself to me on the 18th. I made an appointment with him for the next day—it was my purpose to consult his wishes before acting, which he understood. He was in no haste, preferred to look around the camps before determining which branch of the service he would enter. It seems, that like thousands of others, he went out to Centreville the day before the battle. I learned accidentally—although I was making inquiries concerning your brother—that he was seen on the battle-field. I have not had time to verify the reports—there is so much that is unreliable and exaggerated—but one story redounds greatly to your brother's credit."

"Dick Maxwell will never figure in any other than a creditable way," said the general heartily.

"My brother is among the missing, then?"

The governor now had no wish to conceal the worst. The perfect self-control this girl displayed excited his admiration and appealed to his sympathy. Few men occupying his prominent position manifested as swift and deep sympathy for the aching hearts of those days of sudden trials and dull, prolonged agony.

"No one has seen him since the battle, Miss Maxwell."

"He was not in uniform. If they captured him, as is most likely, we will not experience any difficulty in discovering him," the general said in positive tones.

"I will spare no pains to find your brother," the governor said, as he looked down compassionately upon Miss Maxwell's pale face.

"I know you will," she answered without a tremor in her voice. "I will rely upon you two to secure permission for me to visit the camps and hospitals. I will begin the—search immediately, general."

"Talk about Spartans," said the governor, as he related this incident later in the day to a group in the White House, "that girl from Pittsburg surpasses anything to be found in history. If that is the stuff Pittsburg women are made of, they will prove an example to the country."

"Maxwell—Maxwell?" said one of the group, a Representative from the great Northwest. "Wasn't that the name of the fellow that was killed defending an ambulance on the bridge at Cub Run? They say he was a civilian."

"You have got that a little mixed," said a famous Senator.

"You were there, I believe," the Representative answered drily, glancing around the group.

"I was very much there," the Senator replied, whereupon there was a ripple of laughter. "I never realized the full force of the adage, 'He who fights and runs away' until a shot struck the ground near me so hard that the concussion shook the gun out of a man's hand who was running beside me. At least the gun fell—it is lying there yet, I believe."

A burst of laughter greeted this.

"You wouldn't laugh now," the Senator continued, with imperturbable gravity, "if it wasn't for Curtin's forethought, which I am prepared to assert and maintain from this time forward is truely admirable. If he hadn't brought an army with him, not a man of you would have had a wink of sleep last night."

The laughter that ensued, the first that echoed in the White House since the battle was fought, was prolonged. The reminiscences the Senator indulged in, despite the fact that he and an editor whose name was a household word figured disadvantageously in them, did more to lighten the gloom that oppressed the circle than anything that could have been devised at that time. When the laughter ceased Governor Curtin turned to the Senator, saying:

"You remind me of a young minister whose trial sermon proved a failure. One of the elders in rendering his decision averred that the young man had taken the 'wings of the morning' and flew to the four quarters of the globe, but never so much as brought blood from the text."

There was another ripple of laughter, which was checked when the Senator turned to address the Governor.

"You are interested in the ambulance. There is considerable outcome in the ambulance story. The facts in the case are, the driver eloped—there were too many obstructions for him. He was going to ride away on one of the horses when a man beside him pointed a gun at his head. The man you call Maxwell drove like Jehu till some cavalrymen overtook him. He whipped up his horses, faced the cavalrymen, brought one down, and was prodding another when they shot him. I saw it all. I was curious to learn who was in the wagon. There were six wounded in it. In the confusion some of our people picked up a Confederate colonel—the mistake was natural, considering how many wore blue and grey on both sides. The way your man Maxwell stood up to those cavalrymen was the pluckiest thing I saw that day."

There was an interval of silence then, during which the group looked very sober. The war Governor sighed as he recalled the steadfast eyes that seemed to read his very soul that morning.

* The Subsistence committee of Pittsburg, which furnished 2,500,000 meals to soldiers passing through the city, Federals and Confederates, was conducted in the manner described. It was chiefly the work of one woman, whose name should never be forgotten—Rachael B. McFadden.

CHAPTER XVI.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

"And when the twilight angel threw
Its shadow on the night,
And wrapped away from human view
The strange and ghastly sight,
What pity must have moved the heart
Of God's kind angels then,
As from the jasper gates of heaven
They sought the homes of men."

The cool evening breeze sighed through the forest; the branches of the trees swayed and rustled above the dead and the dying. Moans, shrieks, sharp calls for help, and the death rattle in dying men's throats are borne upon the breeze. But for these the calm of the forest would be unbroken. No note of bird calling to its mate, nor sound of insect, nor whirring bat. The stillness of the forest, the absence of life in the intervals between the cries could not be more appalling in a burned out planet.

"Water! water!"

Life at last just when the shadows deepen. What stealthy forms are these flitting through the forest, pausing here, halting there uncertainly. Are they spirits or human beings animated by a desire to succor the wounded and dying? One approached a soldier lying under a great tree, with a leg doubled under him. The figure bends suddenly. A voice near cries:

"Water! Oh—h water! For the love of God, only a drop!"

The startled figure stands erect suddenly, as the dying man's cry grows fainter, then dies away in the air. Then it bends over the man beneath the tree once more, rises and hastens away. What was the figure doing there? Why did it not respond to that cry that should search the innermost recesses of the heart? But the figure does not pause in its flight; only once it turns and casts a fearful glance over its shoulder as it speeds away in the gloom.

There is another brief interval of profound silence, and again the moans of the wounded, the sighing wind, and the soughing of the trees blended together are sufficient to strike terror to timid souls who might venture here. Still the soldier near the dead man lying beneath the trees moans feebly, "water, water! For the love of heaven, only a drop."

Now another figure approaches quickly. Terror has not overawed this late comer on the battle-field whereon the dead and dying are strewn. This at least is no human vulture; he does not come to prey on the dead and the dying.

"Water! Water! Oh, water!"

The newcomer trembles, but not with fear. He is so eager to pour out water from the canteen he holds into a tin cup that he spills a portion on the ground. He lifts the dying man's head; holds the cup to his lips; tries to infuse hope into the dying man's ear. The cool water gurgles in the wounded man's mouth, his chest—his body is drawn up suddenly, then he falls back lifeless. The newcomer looks fearfully on the face he can barely discern, then places a hand over his heart whose beating is stilled forever; sighs, rises and moves away.

This man must be seeking some dearly loved one.

* * * * *

Where the shadows are deepest, lying in the tall grass, with a branch of a tree half severed by a shell swaying over him is a soldier in all seeming sleeping his last sleep. A form that seems to spring out of the darkness, so swift are its movements, stoops over the soldier. In a moment the soldier's pockets are pulled inside out. Eager hands press the body; then a hand is thrust into the soldier's breast quickly. The soldier's right arm proves a slight obstruction; the human vulture twists the arm in his eagerness; the dead man groans; the vulture alarmed rises and disappears as swiftly as he came into view.

The soldier lifts his right arm, then groans again. This time there is more volume in the sound. The soldier turns on his side—he was lying on his back. He tries to lift his head.

"Where am I? I thought I was riding the strawberry roan. I can't rise, and this arm—I feel weak. I am consuming with thirst. I remember now. The enemy rushed right up to our lines; we had the advantage of the high ground, and drove them back. One volley—then the butt of the musket. But I do not remember falling. Those that we left were swept with grape and canister when we fell back. Our guns were ripe with death—

* * * This awful pain; is this arm only dangling at my side? I must rise. At least I will try to sit up. Ah! I shall never lift this arm again. Dangle till the surgeons come. But—'tis like tearing soul from sinew. I am growing weak—dying. I feel chilly and numb * * *

Ah! water, water! I was dreaming of the mill-race and the pond. I thought I was lying on the south porch. The branches of the trees swept the roof gently over me. I heard the dogs barking and Scipio's shouts, then I ran to the pond to see the muskrat. And the pond spread until it filled the earth. O! water, water.

What, dreaming again! I thought it was early morn. I saw the moon hang low like a scythe. I heard the crowing of cocks, the cackle of geese, the birds calling to their mates, and I woke here on the battle-field with dead men all around me. Am I awake or crazed with thirst? My throat is parched. I would give all the world for a drop of water.

Is that the patter of bullets? Silence. Darkness. What was that? A moan. The ground is wet. Thank God it rains. O blessed rain. Reviving rain. It moistens my lips. If it were not for this horrible pain in my poor arm—'tis like a nest of needles. Now I can stretch myself and open my mouth to the blessed rain. I must be lying where shot and shell rove the trees. I remember now. The long line came up the hill. I was aiming at an officer on horseback. He held his sabre aloft. I saw the shining steel, then there was a blur. I was possessed with an insane, a devilish glee. Ah! this excruciating pain. It drives me wild. There is a muffled sound in my ears. What strange weakness is this?

The cows are cropping the lush meadow grasses. Cool shadows lie over the sheepfold. The mist lugs the swamp. The blue-birds and robins pipe their morning songs. The lillies in the pond are reflected in its placid depths. Sober-faced Dobbin stretches his neck over the bars. The filly flings its heels at them. What melody is it rises clear and sweet above the fluting of the blue-bird and robin? The lark cleaves the clear sky with its song. The face I love best is looking at me again as I last looked at it—through a mist of tears. Her face is shining upon me now.

How cold it is. What! Am I really sitting up once more? Such horrible—awful dreams! I have been lying here all night. Thank heaven I shall not lie under the shade. The sun is well up. It seems to be hours high. I am stronger. Of course, else I could not sit up. After all, the rain was providential. I was wild, crazed with thirst last night. Good God! What horrible thing is that over there! The sun's rays are falling squarely on it. And that was a man yesterday. But they are all around me—faces of bronze, livid yellow and green, horrible to contemplate. Why—I am the only living creature here!

Have they left me here to die like a dog? Not a sound. Not a bird-call. This is horrible. I must move. I am very much stronger; worth a dozen dead men yet—if I had something to drink. A drink of water would revive me. What sound was that? A horse—I heard it neighing plainly. I hear its hoofs quite plain. It is coming this way. And voices—I hear voices, thank God

AN HISTORIC CALAMITY

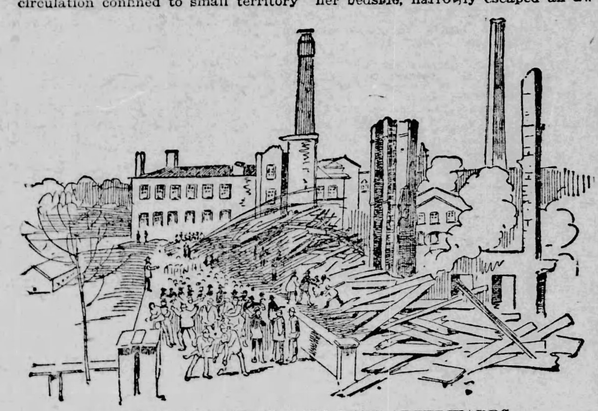
FALL OF THE PEMBERTON MILLS AT LAWRENCE, MASS.,

Took Place Thirty-Three Years Ago, January 10—Most Awful Horror Up to That Time Known.

At about 5:10 o'clock on Tuesday evening, January 10, 1860, the Pemberton Mills at Lawrence, Mass., literally crumbled to the earth—roof, walls, machinery, everything—human souls and all lay mingled in an inextricable mass—bricks cemented by blood, iron eating into warm quivering limbs. Not a moment's warning was given, no foreshadowing of the fearful doom impending to the 800 men and women peacefully and confidently pursuing their daily avocations. A single crash and ruin overwhelmed them all.

In the history of fearful disasters this fall of the Pemberton mill remains calamaties 34 years ago with which up to that time, as the most terrible known in the United States. There had not been the series of apalling the people are familiar to-day. And even had they been the newspaper circulation confined to small territory

Mr. Burredge, of Engine Company No. 4, rescuing a young girl from the ruins.—From Frank Leslie's.



VIEW OF THE RUINS T WO DAYS AFTERWARDS.

and not disseminate the information. The story of the fall of the Pemberton mills has been told in poetry and prose, and the elocutionist still finds it potent to stir up the listening audience.

A few days ago I came across a copy of Frank Leslie's for January 21, 1860, and graphically, more by picture than by word painting is the story told:

The first alarm to the citizens of Lawrence was the report of fire at the Pemberton mills. This produced great excitement, but the after knowl-

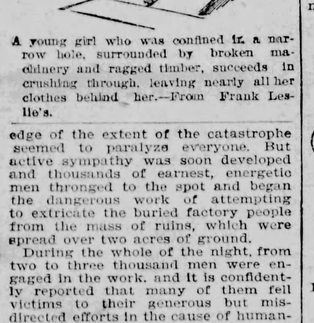
A young girl who was confined in a narrow hole, surrounded by broken machinery and ragged timber, succeeds in crushing through, leaving nearly all her clothes behind her.—From Frank Leslie's.

edge of the extent of the catastrophe seemed to paralyze everyone. But active sympathy was soon developed and thousands of earnest, energetic men thronged to the spot and began the dangerous work of attempting to extricate the buried factory people from the mass of ruins, which were spread over two acres of ground.

During the whole of the night, from two to three thousand men were engaged in the work, and it is confidently reported that many of them fell victims to their generous but misdirected efforts in the cause of humanity. Huge bonfires were lighted all around the ruins to light the laborers in their work, and a scene of more thrilling, fearful interest can hardly be imagined and was never described. The shrieks of the buried and mangled creatures were harrowing and heartrending, and were re-echoed by the thousands of bystanders, most of whom had relatives or friends, helpless and perhaps dying, within hearing, but almost beyond the reach of help.

As early as 9 p. m. 19 persons, variously and dangerously wounded, were conveyed to the city hall, which had been fitted up as a temporary hospital to receive the dead and wounded. But scores of the sufferers had also been recognized by their friends and conveyed to their homes, while 22 were taken from the ruins—dead.

It was thought at 9 o'clock p. m. that nothing could add to the horrors of the sights and sounds about them, but in half an hour the terrible cry of "Fire! Fire!" was heard, and in a



An Irishman, just rescued from the ruins, seizes a brand from the raging fire, takes his "duden" from his pocket, lights it, and walks away smoking.—From Frank Leslie's.

moment the fearful fact became apparent. Smoke and flames were seen issuing from the ruins and those who had hoped before now yielded to unutterable despair, for those whom the crushing ruins had spared the fire must immolate. Many engines were on the spot, and streams of water were brought to bear upon the ruins. The firemen worked nobly, and there were thousands ready and eager to help them. At first the fire seemed to make no way, and there was a reasonable hope that it would be immediately subdued; but soon, in spite of every effort, the flames began to spread with steady but irresistible force, until the whole mass of ruins was enveloped in a blaze, which charred to ashes at once the crushed fragments of the building, and the mangled, screaming sufferers buried beneath. The scene is one of inexpressible horror, and we are heartsick as we write its details.

One damning act is positively stated. The building was never considered to be as staunch as it ought to have been. It was built about seven years since, and then thought to be a sham. Indeed, before the machinery was put in, the walls spread to such a degree that some 23 tons of iron plates were put in to save it from falling by its own weight.

One young woman, twenty years of age, who was at work in the second story, heard the crash of a portion of the building, and saw portions of it tumbling down. She immediately started in an opposite direction, but before she reached this point the walls were crumbling and threatened instant death. Almost panic stricken, she rushed to a side door, and was just emerging to the entry, when it was crushed in. She recollected nothing more than getting to a window and leaping to the ground, where she was found unconscious and much wounded. She was taken to her boarding house, as was supposed in a dying condition. This happily proved a mistake.

Another young woman, also about twenty, whom we conversed with at her bedside, narrowly escaped an awful death. Unapprised of the fall of the building until the terrible catastrophe itself came upon her, she was at work in the third story. She only knows that the whole flooring above her was precipitated upon that upon which she stood, accompanied by a terrific noise. She was crushed beneath some machinery near which she was at work, her head being pressed against a beam, seeming, as she described it, as if her head would "split in two at every moment." Her limbs were forced in one direction, her arms in another. But one arm could be used at all. Every second the heavy weight seemed to be settling closer and closer upon her. She saw nothing but death awaiting her. Her feelings were those of a most agonizing nature. She said that she prayed God that she might be delivered from impending death. Hardly had she ceased uttering this prayer than the falling of a wall in a distant part of the mill released her from the imminent peril about her. With a presence of mind that exhibited genuine heroism, she struggled amid the danger and death, and in time reached a point of safety. This was after being in the ruins for upwards of an hour.

A young man who was taken from the ruins after a confinement of some five hours, says his feelings were of the most painful and indescribable nature. The groans of the wounded

Death of Mr. Maurice Palmer, overseer in the mill, who, buried in the ruins, and despairing of being rescued, cut his throat with a pocket knife, and yet survived his rescue a few hours.—From Frank Leslie's.

and dying met his ear at every moment. The shouts of people without mingled with the terrible sounds within. When released, such had been the pressure upon his person, that he was nearly unconscious. He never expected to get out alive, and it is a miracle that he did.

One woman, Irish, about 40 years old, gives a confused account of her escape from death. She was on the second floor when the wall at the side crumbled away. Appalled with fright, she ran to the opposite side of the room, when she was struck by the descending flooring above her, and thrust against the gearing of some machinery, which caught her dress and threatened an awful death. The machine, however, stopped suddenly just then, when the flooring buried her beneath the ruins, where she was saved, and subsequently rescued. She was much bruised.

A maiden lady, about 28, who worked in the upper (dressing) room, was precipitated to the ruins (or with them) below, and sustained no particular injury. Her escape is most extraordinary. She came among timbers, portions of the roof, bricks, machinery, etc., but was unharmed. It was one of the most wonderful of all the escapes of this terrible tragedy.

Every effort which ingenuity and humanity could devise was put into operation. By means of ropes, bars, and other contrivances, some 75 were taken out more or less wounded, and their lives thus fortunately preserved. Besides those thus saved, a large number of operatives, mostly males, who were in the weaving room, which is in the lower story, managed to escape by crawling up from that room through a couple of low windows which were not obstructed. The weaving room was partially saved by a heavy stone floor of the story above, and many in this department were thus saved.

A painful accident of Thursday night is thus related by one of the engineers: When the fire was beginning to rage, and before it had stifled the cries and groans of those in the ruins, he with others, forced his way against the smoke and flame, to try and rescue some of those whose voices he could hear. Suddenly he caught a glimps of three persons, imprisoned by a crumbled partition—two men and a woman. He even caught one of the men by the hand, and hoped to draw him out, but the crackling of the flames around him, and the warning voice of an officer impelled him reluctantly to desist, and by a timely retreat to save his own life. Neither of the three persons appeared injured at all, and they must have literally roasted alive.

It is related by a gentleman who was early on the spot, that at one point in the ruins he distinguished a female voice crying in distress, and soon another voice answered: "Is that you, Lizzie? Are you hurt?" The reply was another groan, and an appeal to God's mercy in her behalf. Both of these girls were afterwards rescued.

A young girl was released just before the flames burst forth, and in answer to a question, stated that she was unhurt. It afterwards appeared that her right arm was badly broken near the wrist, but in the excitement of the moment and in the joy of deliverance from a dreadful death, she had not noticed the hurt.

The whole country around Lawrence was in a state of feverish excitement. Persons who came into the city from the neighborhood during the night, say that the houses were all lighted, and that the inmates were either hastening to the scene or standing by the roadside eagerly questioning everybody for particulars of the disaster. When the bright light of the flames arose, their sympathy and excitement was redoubled.

S. W. B.

A FEW WORDS TO MABEL.

A Baltimore Courting Editor Tenders Her Some Good Advice.

A lady "in great distress," who signs herself "Mabel," writes to the "courting editor" of the Baltimore Sun to ask " his valuable advice" on what appears to be a matter of great moment to her. She says: "I attended a series of religious meetings lasting some weeks. A gentleman also attended the same meetings, and, seeing me often, became pleased with me and did not hesitate to make it known by every look and act. Seeing this I also became much pleased with the gentleman. But I did not know his name, nor did he seem to think that necessary. Finally he made arrangements with another gentleman to introduce him. This second gentleman was even more of a stranger to me than the first. I did not know the name of either and consequently did not allow the introduction to take place, which has made me miserable, as the two gentlemen evidently thought me prudish, and have since treated me with a disdainful and contemptuous air. Did I do right or wrong? I do not wish to seem foolish or over-particular, and it makes me unhappy to think I may have lost a good husband by being too finicky, as there do not seem to be many men in the market now that a careful woman would desire to invest in, and the gentleman to whom I refer was certainly very handsome and nice looking."

This is urquestionably a very pathetic case, and the "courting editor," who has had a long and varied experience in affairs of the heart, offers his sincere condolence to "Mabel," and will do all in his power to comfort her.

It is his duty, however, to say firmly at the outset to "Mabel" that she was entirely right in declining an introduction to the gentleman in question under the circumstances which she describes, and that no matter how "handsome and nice looking" he may be, she should at once sternly banish his image from her breast. Of course it is hard for a lady to resist the fascinations of a handsome man, who shows a woman by "every look and act" that he is pleased with her, as the "courting editor" knows by his own experience, but still it is the duty of women at times to do so, or at least to make the effort. Often they will necessarily fall, but if they nerve themselves up to the attempt conscientiously and prayerfully, as "Mabel" appears to have done, they often succeed, though generally at the expense of sighs and tears. It is true that it is possible in the case which our bereaved correspondent puts that the gentleman may have been entirely honorable in his intentions. It is easy to fall in love at a religious meeting. The conditions are all favorable to appeals to the heart, whether made from the pulpit or the pew. The proposition that it is not good for man to be alone seems more seductive and convincing then than at almost any other time. Man, on such occasions, is generally on his best behavior, and woman is, or tries to be, at her prettiest. He assumes a virtue if he has it not, and attempts to wear his Sunday manners along with his Sunday clothes, and to present a solemn and possibly a religious front. She has on her best bonnet and her Madonna expression, or her angelic gaze, or her saint like aureole, or her foreign missionary smile, or her church fair look, whichever may be most becoming to her complexion on the particular occasion, and constitutes generally so radiant and entrancing a vision that masculine hearts leap up into masculine mouths and inspire masculine tongues to language of devotion not found even in the revised prayer book. Still, wolves in sheep's clothing are found even at religious meetings, and "Mabel" was right in keeping the gentleman she mentions at a distance.

She may have lost a "handsome and nice-looking" beau and possible consort, but she should not feel depressed or discouraged. The "courting editor" does not hesitate to express the opinion that there are a great many excellent investments still to be found in the matrimonial market if "Mabel" and the rest of the girls will do their marketing with patience and discretion. But they must be careful not to select their matrimonial partners simply because they are "handsome and nice-looking." There are a good many articles of this sort for sale on the matrimonial bargain counter, but they don't wear very well. Let them be sure that what they buy is all wool and a yard wide. And to "Mabel" and all other ladies who may be sighing "for the touch of a vanished hand" and "the sound of a voice" that is now telling the old, old story in some other girl's ear we would say, brace up; take heart and courage, and if you don't at first succeed, why, try, try again until you wing a good specimen and get him safely in your game bag.

GOOD NEWS FOR ASTHMATICS.

We observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo river, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from Asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for Asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal card to the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free by mail, to sufferers.

White Stockings Next.

Next to the threatened return of the crinoline, the revival which is making the most sensation in fashionable circles is the return of white stockings. For months past there has been various prophecies and not a few announcements of the coming of this revival. But for various reasons, and possibly the good sense of women, with the extra expense of white stockings, which have to be changed more frequently than colored ones, the coming has been postponed. Dark hosiery has had a long span of life, and a remarkable one, when it is remembered that for some times only servants were colored stockings. It was not until the end of the last century that a lady of fashion endeavored to introduce black stockings into vogue, and she did not succeed. Even now there are many dainty and elegant ladies in France who never wear colored stockings, but leave them to their servants. Without doubt black and colored stockings will be worn on walking out of doors all through the winter months, but by next summer those near the throne announce that white stockings will be universally worn "where money is no object" and laundry bills are beneath consideration.

Modish Women of Vienna.

Fashion rules the women of Vienna, and it is confidently asserted that every Vienna woman or girl is dressed in a style above her lot in life. This year not a maid servant wears a last year's jacket. It is impossible to say where the hundreds of thousands of jackets that were worn last year have gone, for on Sundays and week days we see even the humblest women in jackets whose sleeves stand off like the ears of some huge elephant. Above the broad garments, which are, moreover, decorated with fluffy furs, the heads in small bonnets or fur caps look diminutive and rather silly. The shops are a great temptation, and toward dusk thousands sally forth with the sole purpose of going through the crowded streets and taking note of what is newest and best in wearing apparel, though it is bitterly cold, often between seven and nine degrees below zero.

WHENEVER I see Hood's Sarsaparilla now I want to bow and say

'Thank You'

I was badly affected with **Eczema** and **Scrofula Sores,** almost covering one side of my face, nearly to the top of my head. Running sores discharged from both ears. My eyes were very bad, the **eyelids so sore** it was painful opening or closing them. For nearly a year I was deaf. I went to the hospital and had an operation performed for the removal of a cataract from one eye. One day my sister brought me

Mrs. Paisley.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which I took, and gradually began to feel better and stronger, and slowly the sores on my eyes and in my ears healed. I can now hear and see as well as ever." MRS. AMANDA PAISLEY, 176 Lander St., Newburgh, N. Y.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache. Try a box.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell any thing, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest, and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

Gen. Butler's Famous Order.

A. G. C., St. Joseph, Mo., asks for information "about Gen. Butler's famous order concerning rebel women at New Orleans."

While Gen. Benjamin F. Butler was in command of the city of New Orleans, in 1862, the women living there were wont, at first, to ridicule and insult the Union officers. When they met officers they would either cross the street or draw their skirts away to avoid touching them. One woman is said to have spat in the face of two officers. At all events, on May 15, 1862, Gen. Butler issued this order, known as general order No. 28: "As the officers and soldiers of the United States have been subject to repeated insults from the women (calling themselves ladies) of New Orleans, in return for the most scrupulous non-interference and courtesy on our part, it is ordered that hereafter when any female shall, by word, gesture or movement, insult or show contempt for any officer or soldier of the United States, she shall be regarded and held liable to be treated as a woman of the town plying her avocation." By an ordinance of the city, women trying to attract the attention of men in the streets could be arrested, detained over night and fined $5. No woman was arrested under Gen. Butler's order, but no officer or soldier had anything to complain of after it was issued. The order created a great sensation at the time.

Lincoln's Inauguration Journey.

G. C., Maysville, Ky., asks: "Is it really true that Lincoln went from his home in Springfield to Washington City in disguise and secretly, to be inaugurated the first time?"

It was believed by many persons that an attempt would be made to assassinate Lincoln; so his friends persuaded him to go secretly, and by a round-about way, to the Capital. He left Springfield, Ill., on the morning of February 11, 1861, and passed through Toledo and Indianapolis, reaching Cincinnati February 12; Columbus, February 13; Pittsburg, February 14; Cleveland, February 15, and Buffalo, February 16. On February 18 he reached Albany, and on the 19th reached Ney York, where he took part in a procession, and stayed two days. On the 21st he went to Philadelphia, and on Washington's birthday he raised the flag above Independence Hall in that city. That same day he went to Harrisburg. There word was brought to him that he would be assassinated on the journey from Philadelphia to Washington. He and his friends believed this report; so Lincoln changed his hat and coat, and with two friends returned immediately to Philadelphia, leaving the better known of his friends to take part in the public proceedings at Harrisburg. From Philadelphia he traveled by special train to Washington, reaching the latter city on Saturday, February 23, at about the time he was to have left Harrisburg. The assassination was to have been attempted at Baltimore. Lincoln's special was detained there for some time, but no one paid any unwelcome attention to it. Gen. Scott and Senator Seward sent by Frederick Seward to Philadelphia with a message of warning for Lincoln; young Seward found Mr. Lincoln already on the alert. Senator Seward and a friend met Lincoln and his attendants at the station in Washington. His zigzag route was taken partly to confuse any person having designs against him, but partly also to deliver speeches which he had arranged to make; and in every city he spoke in public on the question of the hour.

Octrol Duties.

F. B. G., Little Rock, Ark.: The octrol duties of which you speak are taxes paid on articles before they can be taken into a city to be sold. They are used in France and Italy. In these countries the local taxation of goods which have once paid the national dues is allowed to cities and towns. Thus in Italy manufacturers who have paid the government import duties on cotton, say, are still called upon to pay the octrol tax in some places; that is, when the raw material is brought into the city where it is to be worked into finished product. It must pay to the latter a tax.

The octrol, or communal revenue duty, is levied in Italy on a great variety of articles, each city or town virtually deciding for itself on what. It is collected at the city gates and must be paid before the article can be marketed. Ostensibly it is for revenue only, but it is not remarkable that it works for the protection of city producers against those of the suburbs and the country. It bears with particularly oppressive weight on articles of food brought into crowded cities to be marketed. The working people of the Sicilian towns who have burned the octrol houses and beaten the octrol collectors have been moved not alone by the hatred of unjust taxation, but by the memory that their scant milk and scanter meat brought in from the rural districts had to pay tax before they could sell them.

In France cities and towns may establish an octrol system, subject to the approval of the minister of finance. So generally was this privilege availed of that over 1,500 French cities and towns had established octrol fifteen years ago. The revenue of the city of Paris from this source must to-day be a very large item of its annual receipts; for as far back as 1876 it amounted to about $25,000,000 per annum, and was derived from the duty collected at the city gates on the wines, cider, spirits, liquors, provisions, fuel, fodder, and building materials brought in from other places to market.

Parliamentary Usage.

B. W., Blackstone, Ill., asks: "Is the passage of a motion to reconsider a previously passed measure equivalent to its defeat, or does it simply leave it before the house to be acted upon again? Is a motion to reconsider and rescind in order, or must it first be reconsidered and then rescinded? Is the fact that a person has voted for a motion, which he did not fully understand, sufficient reason for a reconsideration?"

A motion to reconsider, if carried, brings the question back before the house. It may be debated, if any one desires to discuss it; and then the vote occurs on its passage. A motion to reconsider and rescind is allowable. The fact that a person voted for it without fully understanding its purport is usually a proper reason for asking a reconsideration.

Leading Languages.

B. A. H., Pleasant Hall, Pa., asks: "How many people, according to the population of the world, speak the English language now than ever before, and is it likely that the English language will become the universal language? Please name several of the most important languages, and give the number of people speaking each."

The English language is spoken by more people than any other European language, and the proportion of English-speaking people increases faster than those speaking any other. The following table shows the number speaking the leading European languages in 1801 and in 1890 respectively:

	1801.	1890.
English..	20,520,000	111,100,000
French..	31,450,000	51,200,000
German..	30,320,000	75,200,000
Italian	15,070,000	33,400,000
Spanish..	26,190,000	42,800,000
Russian....	30,770,000	75,000,000
Portuguese	7,480,000	13,000,000

Note, however, that this refers to European languages only. Chinese, for instance, is spoken by some 300,000,000 people; Turkish by at least 40,000,000; Hindustanji by somewhere between 100 and 200 millions, and so on. There is no probability at present of any language ever becoming universal, to the exclusion of all others. That is but the dream of a theorist.

Miscellaneous.

W. F. W. Plum, Pa.: We do not know.

A. J., Krumrar, Iowa: Gen. Franz Sigel lives in New York city.

F. S. G., Newport, Tenn.: We are unable to identify the insect from the sketch sent.

E. L., Caldwell, Ky.: We cannot republish. It can be found in hundreds of cheap music books.

J. H. D., Michigan City, Ind.: See Question Bureau of Weekly Blade of Dec. 14 for answer about the Great Eastern. We can not reprint.

X. Y. Z., Truco, Iowa, wants a recipe "for tanning heavy hides for robes." Who can send it? If the case were ours, we should send them to a tanner.

Mrs. A. M., Kansas: If you will obey the rules above by sending your full name and postoffice address, we shall be glad to give an account of the "walled lake."

Mrs. F. H. M., Ottumwa, Iowa: Sapolio is a made-up word, the name of a soap, used for scouring and cleaning. It is made from the Latin word "sapo," meaning soap. It is not the name of a person.

J. R. L., Whitehouse, O.: In the case of a promissory note bearing a second name as security, if the maker of the note fails to pay it on the day of maturity the security must be notified on that day.

Healthy Spot in Florida.

Florida is healthy in spots. A family of twelve children lived in Hillsboro, in 1851. These and their descendants now number 300, several of whom are over 80 years old. Only 44 have died. Fifty heads of families are Democrats.

Much-Needed Relief.

What a relief the holiday vacation will be to the throbbing brains of Prof. Wilson and his associates who are trying to reform the country into poverty and wretchedness.—Cleveland Leader.

In Olden Times

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action; but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

"DOT ISH LADY BRICE."

How Sergeant Schmidt Silenced Taunting Rebels.

In the siege of Vicksburg Major Williams's "Peoria battery" was one of the most effective. Illinois troops composed a large portion of the forces in that memorable fight, and all were proud of the "Peoria battery." Time and again had Major Williams's command earned high compliments from the commanding general, and time and again had they proved their dessert.

But they were not well equipped. Their best pieces were big, straight Napoleon guns, long out of date, and not nearly measuring up to the ability of the men who handled them.

One day Major Williams's "Peoria battery" was stationed on an eminence and required to hold it through the day and to direct their fire at a certain point in the enemy's fortifications.

An hour later a rebel battery was driven to a point but a few hundred yards away, with the evident intention of planting its guns and shelling the Union position.

It was unsupported. There were no available Union men to charge it. But it was practically at the mercy of any attacking force.

Quick as a flash Major Williams summoned a score of men and dashed with them across the intervening space, attacking the rebel gunners and capturing two splendid Parrott guns. Before the horses could be unhitched the whole battery was in Williams's possession, and, to the shouts of thousands, he drove his prize back to the Union line.

Then he applied to the corps commander and got permission to exchange his smooth Napoleons for the two splendid Parrott guns. After that the work of the "Peoria battery" was better than ever.

One night the order came for the artillery :

"Let every gun fire one shot an hour at extreme elevation, and try to drop a shell in the city."

Two hundred yards in front of Williams's position was the rebel advance line. The Johnnies were in no sort of danger, as every shell soared away over their heads. But they amused themselves yelling :

"You're great artillerymen—can't hit us at 200 yards."

And in the still night the taunts could be easily heard.

Sergeant Drake had charge of one of the guns, and Corporal Schmidt commanded the squad.

At 9 o'clock, when the usual shot evoked the usual taunt, Schmidt asked permission to prove that he could come a great deal closer to the line if he wanted to.

"But you know the orders," said Sergeant Drake. However, he smiled as he said it, and Schmidt believed he had the desired permission. At 10 o'clock he set the gun at a less elevation and cut off the time fuse. He was a competent gunner, and when that shell went into the gun he knew he was avenged.

It happened that these cannon had shared the Confederate taste for display. They had been painted by some artist. Vines and flowers appeared along the sides. The wheels were striped, and the muzzle presented a laurel wreath. About the breech of one of them was painted the words "Lady Davis," in honor of the Confederate president's wife. On the other appeared the words "Lady

THE CAPTURE OF THE BATTERY.

Price," a tribut to the wife of Gen. Sterling Price.

As Schmidt stood at "ready," his eye fell upon the latter name encircling the breech of his pet cannon. At Sergeant Drake's command he pulled the lanyard, and a mighty shock told that the shell had leaped to its flight.

In the night one could see that lighted fuse flashing through the air. It was not so high as formerly.

The rebels set up the beginning of a shout of derision, then ceased instantly, for the bomb exploded directly over their heads, and about 100 feet in the air.

The myriad pieces fell, red hot, in the unlucky outpost.

Schmidt dropped his line and ran to the parapet. Leaping upon it, he shouted :

"Dot ish Lady Brice. How you like her?"

But he had silenced the taunting. And each hour for the rest of the night he set his guns at the highest possible elevation and dropped his shells within the city.

Popular Everywhere.

Beginning with a small local sale in a retail drug store, the business of Hood's Sarsaparilla has steadily increased until there is scarcely a village or hamlet in the United States where it is unknown.

To-day Hood's Sarsaparilla stands at the head in the medicine world, admired in prosperity and envied in merit by thousands of would-be competitors. It has a larger sale than any other medicine before the American public, and probably greater than all other sarsaparilla and blood purifiers combined.

Such success proves merit.

If you are sick, is it not the medicine for you to try? Hood's Sarsaparilla cures.

ATLANTA'S SEMI-CENTENNIAL.

How the Empire City of the South Got Its Name.

The city of Atlanta will celebrate this month its semi-centennial. The place was originally called Marthasville, after the youngest daughter of Governor Lumpkin. She was 16 years old at the time, and naturally remembers the circumstances well. She lives now at Athens, Ga., and gave a reporter of the Atlanta Constitution an interesting account of the city's origin. In 1842 her father and other officials selected as the terminus of the state railroad a bit of forest covering the land where Atlanta now stands. The land for the necessary railroad buildings was donated, and the first owner and several officials were anxious that the new town be called Lumpkin, in honor of the governor. But the latter strongly (and mercifully) objected, and so, by way of compromise, it was called Marthasville, in honor of his daughter. Thus it was incorporated in 1843, but four years later the prettier name, Atlanta, was substituted. Martha's father was very angry and attributed the change to the malicious envy of his enemies, but if this was the cause of it the schemers were themselves circumvented. The daughter's second name was Atlanta, and in the family Bible it is so recorded, "Martha A. Wilson Lumpkin." The name was not given her at the first, but her father bestowed it upon her when she was only eight months old. Until that time she has never taken a step, but then, placed in sudden danger, she walked to get out of it; and her father named her Atlanta (which is as near as a Georgian judge could be expected to get) for the fleet Greek maiden, Atalanta, who ran races with her lovers.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old, or middle-aged man suffering from nervous debility, weakness, lack of vigor from errors or excesses will enclose stamp to me I will send him the prescription of a genuine certain cure free of cost. No. Humbug, no deception. Address Thomas Barnes, Marshall, Mich.

Generous

May—They say Miss Stepley, of Chicago, gives a great deal to the poor.

Bell—What does she give?

May—Her old shoes.—New York Herald.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Lampas in Horse.

L. K. C., Nebraska: Lampas is an active congestion, which never proceeds beyond that condition of the upper gum and palate, immediately behind the upper incisor teeth. The entire mouth is affected by the changes taking place in dentition, or cutting of the teeth through the gums. Lampas is a thing with which all colts are affected, although it is more severe in some cases than others. It has been a practice among many to burn out the bars of the mouth with a red hot iron, but this is a bungling thing, and at times is very injurious. If the parts inflamed are lanced with a sharp knife, nothing better can be done. The knife should not be put deeply into the bars. After this the mouth may be washed with a solution of alum in water. This should be repeated twice a day for three or four days. Give no hay, corn, oats or work for a week. During this time give bran mashes or flaxseed gruel. The bowels should be kept from constipating.

Frush, or Thrush of the Frog.

W. W. W., Nebraska: Your horse has the above named disease. Put the horse in a clean stall in which the bedding is perfectly dry. Wash the foot out well with soap and warm water, and then remove all diseased and ragged edges of horn, and clean up the foot thoroughly. Poultice the foot for a day with turnips on which are scattered some charcoal to remove the offensive smell. Then mix powdered sulphate of copper and tar and put it well in the part affected. Dip some tow or oakum in the copper and tar and after making it into a roller pledget, insert it in the frog. If the horse is in the least costive, give him bran mashes freely, or a dose of 12 ozs. raw linseed oil in which stir an ounce of pulverized saltpetre. Give no corn for eight or ten days.

Sheep Dip for Scab.

A Michigan Farmer: The scab in sheep is caused by parasites in or on the skin. The disease is known as mange, and there are three different forms of parasites that cause scab. The one in this country that does the most harm is the Dermatodictes ovis. A good sheep dip is: Eight pounds of tobacco; peralash or soda ash, 3 lbs; sulphur, 3 lbs.; soft soap, 3 lbs. Mix in 10 gallons of boiling water and add cold water to make 100 gallons. The sheep is held, except his head, in this solution for a minute, rubbing it well in. Then lift him on slats to drain off, over a tub, squeezing out the solution from the wool. Keep the sheep in a close yard until they are dry. All animals should be kept from the ground on which the sheep stood for a time, as it is a highly contagious disease. One gallon of the mixture is sufficient for a sheep.

The Editor Does Not Know.

C. W., Missouri: The editor can give you no information concerning the hogs of which you speak. He will make inquiry of breeders. There is but little mistake in purchasing Poland-Chinas, Berkshires or Chester Whites. There are claims of excellence for the Ohio improved China hogs.

Sow Stiff in Legs.

A. J. S., Indiana: Your sow very likely has rheumatism. Sometimes the fore legs become stiff from the stopping up of the little openings on the inside of the fore legs. You had better first scrub with strong soapsuds until all scurf is removed, then soak in hot water, and after drying them rub in a little lard. This stopping of the openings may be the cause of the lameness and when they are open the sow may recover; but if not it is a case of rheumatism. To treat, for at least a month give boiled diet, warm. Wash the limbs and shoulders in warm water; rub mustard water on the breast and down the legs, and wrap the legs with flannels. The mustard water should be of the consistency of cream. Give 1 oz. Rochelle salts once a day for two days, in bran slops. The animal must be kept out of draughts of air, in a warm pen, and she must have plenty of clean, dry bedding. There is no certainty about the cure of rheumatism, although at times the above treatment will restore them. Young hogs and sometimes old ones, will break down under over-feeding. When this occurs the sooner the animal is butchered the better, for there is but little hope of recovery. Reducing the feed by half sometimes will do good, but the best remedy is the butcher knife.

Guano—Barnyard Manure.

O. G. L., Illinois: Guano is a very strongly concentrated manure. Crops on poor soils are greatly benefitted by it, while rich land has at times been injured by it, because of its too free use. The proper quantity is 200 to 400 lbs. per acre, harrowed in. Before using it as a top dressing, it is mixed with twice its bulk of fine earth, ashes, plaster or charcoal dust. There is nothing better for garden land than well-rotted barn yard manure. If the soil is close or clayey, a liberal proportion of wood ashes mixed with barnyard manure is unsurpassed, as there is but little danger of putting on too much. A soil once brought into proper condition is easily kept in a producing condition with barnyard manure, or barnyard manure and ashes. It requires about three years' time to get land in prime condition for gardening.

Milk Gets Bitter.

S. E., Ohio.:—It may be that the trouble is in eating the cornfodder. There is a disease that is prevalent in the West known as the cornstalk disease, which the United States government is investigating. An examination is being made as to the external conditions under which the disease originates. It might be well for you to stop feeding the cornfodder for a while. Feeding turnips will give a disagreeable flavor to milk. The best remedy for bitter milk is to give the cow a pound of sulphate of magnesia in a quart of warm water, through a drenching horn, and afterward for two weeks a dose of 1 oz. of hyposulphite of soda, powdered and sprinkled over a mess of bran scalded, or cut feed. As to churning, the messes of cream should be well stirred together. When in the churn keep the temperature at about 55 to 60 degrees. The agitation, if too quick, will make and unmake the butter, as it induces fermentation. If too slow, the agitator in the churn fails to produce the desired separation of the component parts of the cream. The motion should be steady, and with a fairly quick motion, but not a fast one.

ALL ABOUT BEES.

Conducted by Dr. A. B. Mason.

Perhaps no man in the United States is better informed on all matters relating to bees than is Dr. A. B. Mason, of this city, who was one of the commissioners at the World's Columbian Exposition. He will hereafter be a regular contributor to The Blade's Farmstead on subjects regarding bees. He will be pleased to answer all questions, so that any one wishing to learn anything about bees or relative subjects will find the bee department of The Blade a great help. The following communication will be read with interest:

Editor Blade Farmstead:—I have been reading the Blade for many years, having taken it during the rebellion while living in Iowa, and have always been especially interested in the farmers' column, and usually look at that first. Being especially interested in bee keeping, I've always looked for something in that line, and have almost universally found nothing.

As there are about 6,700 beekeepers in our own state (Ohio), and as The Blade goes into all the states and Canada, it would reach a large number of bee-keepers, and much valuable information might be obtained if those desiring it would ask questions through the Farmstead.

It is well known that to winter bees successfully is the most difficult part of bee keeping, and this one thing may be put down as an axiom. Extremes of heat or cold are detrimental to bees in winter. If the temperature becomes extremely low, the bees take more food to keep up the animal heat; they become uneasy and throw off much moisture, which may condense and freeze around the cluster encasing them in a wall of ice, thus preventing them from reaching the honey, and they actually starve with plenty of honey in the hive.

The remark is often made in the spring by those who had a few colonies and lost them in the winter: "My bees all died with lots of honey in the hive. I wonder what was the reason?"

To avoid this loss the hives should be so protected that the extreme cold of winter can not reach the bees. In many localities the needed protection may still be given, if it has not already been done, by standing a sufficient quantity of corn fodder around the hive, or covering with straw, leaving the entrance uncovered so the bees may fly freely when it is warm enough for them to do so.

A still better way is to put a box, that has neither top nor bottom, and is a few inches larger and higherr than the hive, over the hive, remove the cover and fill in all around and over the hive with chaff or forest leaves, or fine cut straw or hay, having previously an entrance so the bees can fly on warm days; then cover all so that melted snow or rain can not leak through, and wet the packing. This work should be done on a warm day, so as not to injure the bees by disturbing them.

A better way than the above is to set the hives, bees and all, in a good, dry cellar where the temperature can be kept at about 45 degrees. This may yet be done, provided none of the contents of the hive have become frosty. Besides saving the bees, the keeping them warm (not warmer than 50 degrees) is a having of honey.—A. B. Mason.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Broom Corn.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—Some time since I saw an article in your columns on raising broom-corn, and as it was so different from the way it is raised here I thought perhaps some of your readers would like to know how it is raised in the broom-corn belt of Illinois. Planting time is from June 1 to 25. Ground should be in prime condition, as it grows very slow for the first two weeks.

It is planted in rows from three feet four inches to three feet six apart, and is drilled so as to have from 60 to 90 stalks to the rod. It is cultivated much the same as Indian corn, and grows very rapidly after it gets about five inches high.

It should be cut about the time the bloom begins to fall off. It is first tabled, that is, two rows are broke together a hill from each row alternately, the stalks lapping over each other, crossing in the center of the rows in this way a table is formed to lay the heads on when cut. After it is cut it is left on the tables until it dries a little; it is then hauled in and "seeded" or stripped of its seed; this is done on a machine called a seeder that will clean from eight to twelve tons a day; then it is put on shelves made of slats to dry; this takes about ten days; then it is ready for hauling and market, and brings here from $60 to $80 per ton.—Elmer Lowe, Illinois.

Condition Powder.

Prof. Kilborne gives the following condition powder for horses in the Rural New Yorker: "Give two heaped tablespoonfuls of the following powder on the feed, night and morning: Sulphate of iron, one-fourth pound; sulphate of soda, one pound; powdered gentian root, one-half pound; mix. If the bowels are at all costive, give three-fourths ounce each of best aloes and Jamaica ginger, either as a ball or as a drench, and repeat the dose in three days, if the bowels are not freely moved by the first dose.

A Gentleman Steer or Ox.

The Rural New Yorker says: "There was a time in the world's agriculture when such a thing as a gentleman steer or ox was unknown. The work on the farms was done by ox-power, and the same animals that drew the plow and wagon provided the beef. The ox was considered the most economical animal because his work, though slow, was safe, because his carcass sold for enough to pay all expenses of keeping him. But soon the work-horse came as a competitor of the ox. He could work

Talmage's Sermon.

DR. TALMAGE TELLS WHY THERE IS POVERTY.

Every Man Should Have His Life Insured—The Tariff Controversy is to Blame for Much.

It seemed appropriate that Dr. Talmage should preach this sermon after his personal contribution of three thousand pounds of meat and two thousand loaves of bread to the poor who gathered shivering in the cold around the bakery and meat store of Brooklyn, where the food was distributed without tickets, and no recommendation required except hunger. The text was Matthew 26:11: "Ye have the poor always with you."

Who said that? The Christ who never owned anything during his earthly stay. His cradle and his grave were borrowed. Every fig he ate was from someone else's tree. Every drop of water he drank was from someone's else's well. To pay his personal tax, which was very small, only thirty-one and a quarter cents, he had to perform a miracle, and make a fish pay it. All the heights and depths and lengths and breadths of poverty Christ measured in his earthly experience, and when he comes to speak of destitution, he always speaks sympathetically, and what he said then is as true now, "Ye have the poor always with you."

For six thousand years the bread question has been the active and absorbing question. Witness the people crowding up to Joseph's storehouse in Egypt. Witness the famine in Samaria and Jerusalem. Witness the seven thousand hungry people for whom Christ multiplied the loaves. Witness the uncounted millions of people now living who, I believe, have never yet had one full meal of healthful and nutritious food in all their lives. Think of the 354 great families in India. Think of the twenty-five million people under the hoof of hunger year before last in Russia. The failure of the Nile to overflow for seven years in the eleventh century left those regions depopulated. Plague of insects in England. Plague of rats in Madras Presidency. Plague of mice in Essex. Plague of locusts in China. Plague of grasshoppers in America. Devestation wrought by drought, by deluge, by frost, by war, by hurricane, by earthquake, by comets flying too near the earth, by change in the management of national finances, by baleful causes innumerable. I proceed to give you three or four reasons why my next text is markedly and graphically true in this year 1894. The first reason why we have always the poor with us, is because of the perpetual overhauling of the tariff question, or, as I shall call it, the tariff controversy. There is a need for such a word, and so I take the responsibility of manufacturing it. There are millions of people who are expecting that the present Congress of the United States will do something one way or the other to end this discussion. But it will never end. Were I wise enough, or of age I remember hearing my father and his neighbors in vehement discussion of this very question. It was high tariff or low tariff or no tariff. When now your great-grandchild dies at ninety years of age, it will probably be from overexertion in discussing the tariff. On the day the world is destroyed there will be three men standing on the postoffice steps—one a high tariff man, another a low tariff man, and the other a free trade man—each one red in the face from excited argument on this subject.

Other questions may get quieted, the Mormon question, the silver question, the pension question, the civil service question. All mooted questions of annexation or the peaceful settlement by the annexation of Islands two weeks voyage away, and the heat of their volcanoes conveyed through pipes under the sea made useful in warming our coasting, or annexation of the moon, dethroning the Queen of Night, who is said to be dissolute, and bringing the lunar populations under the influence of our free institutions; yea all other questions; national and international, may be settled, but this tariff question, never. It will not only never be settled, but it can never be moderately quiet for more than three years at a time, each party getting into power taking one of the four years to fix it up, and then the next party will fix it down.

Our finances cannot get well because of too many doctors. It is with sick nations as with sick individuals. Here is a man terribly disordered as to his body. A doctor is called in, and he administers a febrifuge, a spoonful every hour. But recovery is postponed, and the anxious friends call in another doctor, and he says: "What this person needs is bloodletting; now roll up your sleeve," and the lancet flashes. But still recovery is postponed, and a homeopathic doctor is called in, and he administers some small pellets, and says: "All the patient wants is rest." Recovery still postponed, the family says that such small pellets cannot amount to much anyhow, and an allopathic doctor is called in, and he says:

"What this patient wants is calomel and jalap." Recovery still postponed, a hydropathic doctor is called in, and he says: "What this patient wants is hot and cold baths, and he must have them right away. Turn on the hot and get ready the shower baths." Recovery still postponed, an electric doctor is called in and he brings all the schools to bear upon the poor sufferer, and the patient, after a braver struggle for life expires. What killed him? Too many doctors. And that is what is killing our national finances.

My personal friends, Cleveland and Harrison and Carlisle and McKinley and Stevenman, as talented and lovely and splendid men as walk the earth, all good doctors, but their treatment of our languishing finances is so different that neither treatment has a full opportunity, and under the constant changes it is simply wonderful that the nation still lives. The tariff question will never be settled because of the fact, which I have never heard any one recognize, but, nevertheless, the fact, that high tariff is best for some people and free trade is best for others. This tariffic controversy keeps business struck through with uncertainty and that uncertainty results in poverty and wretchedness for a vast multitude of people. If the eternal gab on this subject could have been fashioned into loaves of bread, there would not be a hungry man or woman or child on all the planet. To the end of time, the words of the text will be kept true by the tariffic controversy: "Ye have the poor always with you."

Another cause of perpetual poverty is the cause alcoholic. The victim does not last long. He soon crouches into the drunkard's grave. But what about his wife and children? She takes in washing, when she can get it, or goes out working on small wages, because sorrow and privation have left her incapacitated to do a strong woman's work. The children are thin blooded and gaunt and pale and weak, standing around in cold rooms, or pitching pennies on the street corner, and munching a slice of unbuttered bread when they can get it sworn at by passers-by because they do not get out of the way, kicked onward toward manhood or womanhood, for which they have no preparation, except a depraved appetite and frail constitution, candidates for almshouse or penitentiary. Whatever other causes of poverty may fall the saloon may be depended on to furnish an ever-reading throng of paupers. Oh, ye grogshops of Brooklyn and New York and of all the cities! Ye mouths of hell! when will ye cease to craunch and devour? There is no danger of this liquor business failing. All other styles of business at times fail. Dry goods stores go under. Hardware stores go under. Grocery stores go under. Harness makers fail, confectioners fail, but the liquor dealers never. It is the only secure business I know of. Why the permanence of the alcoholic trade? Because, in the first place, the men in that business, if they put up four money only have to put into large quantities of water, more strychnine and logwood and nux vomica and vitriol and other congenial concoctants for adulteration, than a part of the real genuine pandemonine elixir will do to mix up with several gallons of mild r damnation. Besides that, these dealers can almost on any increase of demand on the part of their customers. The more of that stuff they drink, the thirstier they are. Hard times, which stop other businesses, only increase that business, for men go there to drown their troubles. They take the spirits down to keep their spirits up.

There is an inclined plane down which alcoholism slides its victims. Claret, champagne, port, cognac, whisky, Tom and Jerry, sour mash, on and down until it is a sort of mixture of kerosene oil, turpentine, toadstools, swill, essence of the horse chestnuts and general nastiness. With its red sword of flame, that liquor power marshals its procession, and they move on in ranks long enough to girdle the earth, and the procession is headed by the nose-blotched, nerve-shattered, rheum-eyed, lip-bloated, soul-scorched inebriates, followed by the women, who, though brought up in comfortable homes, now go limping out with aches and pains and pallor and hunger and woe, followed by their children, barefoot, uncombed, freezing, and with a wretchedness of time and eternity seemingly compressed in their agonized features. "Forward, march!" cries the liquor business to that army without banners. Keep that influence moving on and you will have the poor always with you. Report comes from one of the cities, where the majority of the inhabitants are out of work and dependent on charity, yet last year they spent more in that city for rum than they did for clothing and groceries.

Another warranty that my text will prove true in the perpetual poverty of the world is the wicked spirit of improvidence. A vast number of people have such small income that they cannot lay by in savings bank or life insurance one cent a year. It takes every farthing they can earn to spread the table and clothe the family and educate the children, and if you blame such people for improvidence, you exact a cruelty.

I cannot imagine any more unfair or meaner thing than for a man to get his sins pardoned at the last minute, and then go to heaven and live in a mansion and go riding about in a golden chariot over the golden streets, while his wife and children, whom he might have provided for, are begging for cold victuals at the basement door of an earthly city. It seems to me there ought to be a poor house somewhere on the outskirts of heaven, where those guilty of such improvidence should be kept for a while on thin soup and gristle, instead of sitting down at the King's banquet. It is said that the church is a divine institution, and I believe it. Just as certainly are the savings banks and the life insurance companies divine institutions. As out of evil good often comes, so out of the doctrine of probabilities, calculated by Professor Hugens and Professor Pascal for games of chance, came the calculation of the probabilities of human life as used by life insurance companies, and no business on earth is more staple or honorable, and no mightier mercy for the human race has been born since Christ was born. Bored beyond endurance for my signature to papers of all sorts, there is one style of paper that I always sign with a feeling of gladness and triumph, and that is a paper which the life insurance company requires from the clergyman after a decease in his congregation, in order to the payment of the policy to the bereft household. I always write my name then so they can read it. I cannot help but say to myself: "Good for that man to have looked out for wife and children after earthly departure. May he have one of the best seats in heaven!"

Young man! The day before or the day after you get married, go to a life insurance company of established reputation and get the medical examiner to put the stethoscope to your lungs and his ear close up to your heart, with your vest off, and two signed, sealed, and delivered to you a document that will in the case of your sudden departure, make for that lovely girl the difference between a queen and a pauper. There have known men who have had an income of $3,000, $4,000, $5,000 a year, who did not leave one farthing to the surviving household. Now that man's death is a defalcation, an outrage, a swindle. He did not die; he absconded. There are a hundred thousand people in America to-day a-hungered through the sin of improvidence. "But," say some, "my income is so small I cannot afford to put the premium on a life insurance." Are you sure about that? If you are sure, then you have a right to depend on the promise in Jeremiah, 49th chapter, 11th verse: "Leave thy fatherless children. I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me." But if you are able, remember you have no right to ask God to do for your household that which you can do for them yourself.

What an overwhelming statistic would be the story of men and women and children impoverished by sickness. Then the cyclones. Then the Mississippi and Ohio freshets. Then the stopping of the factories. Then the curculios among the peach trees. Then the Hessian destruction of potato patches and wheat fields. Then the epizootics among the horses and the hollow horn among the herds. Then the rains that drown out everything and the droughts that burn up half a continent. Then the orange groves die under the white teeth of the hoar frost. Then the coal strikes and the iron strikes and the mechanics' strikes, which all strike a heavier blow than they strike capital. Then the yellow fever at Brunswick and Jacksonville and Shreveport. Then the cholera at the Narrows, threatening to land in New York. Then the Charleston earthquake. Then the Johnstown flood. Then hurricanes sweeping from Caribbean Sea to Newfoundland. Then there are the great monopolies that gather into their hands the necessities. Then there are the necessities of buying coal by the scuttle instead of the ton, and flour by the pound instead of the barrel, and so the injustices are multiplied. In the wake of all these are overwhelming illustrations of the truth of my text: "Ye have the poor always with you."

Yes, the time will come when the banks of largest capital stock will all go down. And the life insurance companies will go down. In the last great earthquake all the cities will be prostrated, and as a consequence all banks will forever suspend payment, the last conflagration the fire insurance companies of the earth will fall, for how could they make appraisement of the loss on a universal fire? Then all the inhabitants of the round world will surrender their mortal existence and how could life insurance companies pay for depopulated hemispheres? But our celestial life insurance will not be harmed by that cosmical wreck, or that hemispheric accident, or that planetary catastrophe. Blow it out like a candle, the noonday sun! Tear it down like worn-out upholstery—the last sunset! Toss it from God's finger like a dewdrop from the anther of a water lily—the ocean! Scatter them like thistledown before a schoolboy's breath—the world! That will not disturb the omnipotence or the composure or the sympathy or the love of that Christ who said it once on earth, and will say it again in heaven to all those who have been helpful to the downtrodden and the cold and the hungry and the houseless and the lost. "Inasmuch as ye did it to them, ye did it to me!"

Prevention is Better

Than cure, and those who are subject to rheumatism can prevent attacks by keeping the blood pure and free from the acid which causes the disease. You can rely upon Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for rheumatism and catarrh, also for every form of scrofula, salt rheum, boils and other diseases caused by impure blood. It tones and vitalizes the whole system.

Hood's Pills are easy and gentle in effect.

FROM JUDGE'S NEW LEAF.

Typographical Error, Perhaps.

Wood B. Byer—Is this the horse you advertised?

Liver E. Stables—Sure.

Wood B. Byer—There must have been some mistake made in the printing of the advertisement. It said the horse was 5 years old and worth $100. I didn't you fean 100 years old and worth $5?

A Practical Girl.

Elder Sister—Why don't you improve your mind, Belle, instead of continually dawdling about the house?

Belle—What's the use? I'm engaged.

Consolation.

Bald-headed man (reflectively)—To be sure I haven't much hair; but my brains—there's where I'm solid.

Brazilian News.

Editor—Any fresh news from Brazil?

Assistant—Not a line.

Editor—Say the man who was killed a week ago last Thursday is still dead, and make a column of it.

A Chicago Romance.

"You say you love me, James; but what guarantee have I that we shall be happy after we are married?"

"I'll give you my written consent to a divorce on demand."

And so they were married.

That Isn't Work.

Young Woman—What do you do now that Mr. Gerry won't allow you to go on the stage?

Little Girl Actress—I help my little brother carry the Sunday newspapers.

Quite Apropos.

Jiglegh—Old Soak's wife speaks of his nose as his papoose.

Biglegh—Why is that?

Jiglegh—Because it's a little red.

Easy Conundrum for the Ladies.

Parson—Do you take this woman? etc.

Smithkins—Yes, ma'am—er—hem!—that is—aw—I meant—yes, sir.

Parson—Do you take this man? etc.

Bride—I do.

(P. S.—The simple conundrum is, will Smithkins occupy the position of captain or cabin boy as his connubial derelict drifts down the stream of life?)

Church Membership.

In the United States the Methodist churches stand first in point of numbers, having 51,000 families and 4,598,000 communicants; the Baptists are second, and have 43,000 families and 3,743,000 communicants; the Presbyterians the third, with 13,500 families and 1,278,000 communicants; the Roman Catholic families number 10,270, with 6,258,000 individuals in them, all of whom are counted by that body as members of the church, thus making it appear that the membership is largest than that of any other church. Judged by the communicant standard the Catholic membership is less than that of some other bodies. The Lutherans have 8,595 families and a communicant membership of 1,228,000.

Not So the Doctor.

Dr. Depew "did Rome" in four days. Rome is still bowling.

The Camp Fire.

Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, but want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life; all such are welcome.

Col. Broadhead.

Editor Camp Fire:—In your paper of December 21, Joseph Jones, of Co. D, 84 Pa. Vol., wants to know whether Col. Broadhead, of the 1st Michigan cavalry, recovered from the wounds received at the second Bull Run fight. Below I send you a copy of the last letter he wrote to his wife, the letter will explain. It was published several years ago by the Detroit Tribune, and I cut it out, and have it now in my scrap book. I was in that fight, and was in the charge our cavalry made. Comrade Jones is right when he says we had a hand to hand fight, but I think we would have come out all O. K. if the rebel infantry had not come to the support of their cavalry, and when we were engaged our forces were on the retreat. I think our brigade was composed of the 1st Vt., 1st W. Va. and 5th N. Y. cavalry, commanded by Gen Renfort, that is my recollection; I may be at fault. I was in the army four years. I was wounded at White Post, Va., by Mosby's men on Sunday morning, December 4, 1864. But I think if Col. Broadhead had lived he would have found out that we were out numbered was the reason we were defeated in that battle. I am drawing a pension of $10 a month. I first got $6, then 8, and now $10 per month. I love to hear from the old soldiers. But we will soon be all gone and forgotten, and then the Camp Fire will cease to burn unless our children keep it up.—S. H. Barnett, Co. B, 1st W. Va. Cav.

Col. Broadhead's Last Letter.

Dear Wife:—I write to you mortally wounded from the battlefield. We are again defeated, and ere this reaches you, your children will be fatheress. Before I die, let me implore that in some way it may be stated that Gen. Pope has been outwitted, and that McDowell is a traitor. Had they done their duty as I did mine, and had led as I led, the old flag had waved in triumph. I wrote to you yesterday morning. To-day is Sunday, and today I sink to the green couch of our final rest. I have fought well, my darling, and I was shot in the endeavor to rally our broken battalions. I could have escaped, but I would not till all hope was gone, and was shot Our cause is just, and our generals, not the enemy, have defeated us. In God's good time He will give us victory. And now good-bye wife and children. Bring them up I know you will in the fear of God, and love for the Savior. But for you and the dear ones dependent, I should die happy. I know the blow will fall with crushing weight upon you. Trust in Him who gave manna in the wilderness. Dr. Nash is with me. It is now after midnight, and I have spent most of the night in sending messages to you. Two bullets have gone through my chest, and direct through my lungs. I suffer but little now, but at first the pain was acute. I have won the soldiers' names, and am ready to meet now, as I must, the soldiers' fate. I hope that from Heaven I may see the glorious old flag wave again over the undivided Union I have loved so well. Farewell wife and children and friends, we shall meet again. Your loving, THORNTON.

War Is Not Murder.

Editor Camp Fire:—I have been a reader of The Blade for years, and a close observer of the many articles of the comrades in the Camp Fire, which generally meet my approbation with the exception of I. H. Wells, who says that he never killed a man, as he threw the ball away and fired the blank. Mr. Wells's construction of what constitutes murder is out of all reason. No nation on the globe engaged in honorable warfare ever recognizes the horrible slaughter of men as aught but honorable.

Mr. Wells is certainly not ignorant of the fact that war between the North and South had been prevented from time to time by compromises, the North yielding to the wishes of the South to avoid the horrors of civil war; but in 1860 the good people of the North said with one voice, "No more territory in which slavery shall be extended." The South, not vested with any right whatever, challenged the North to conflict, and our only alternative was to fight or submit to a separation.

The situation was carefully discussed by the ablest statesmen, and some, in order to avoid the horrors of civil war, said: "Let the South go in peace."

The inaugural address of the immortal Lincoln was sufficient to satisfy the most stupid that it was not his intention to interfere with slavery where it already existed; and how any soldier who was cognizant of the fact of the real cause of the great rebellion could go through thirteen battles and five blank shots is something I cannot understand. In my judgment, if Mr. Wells had been in the Confederate army he would be entitled to great credit; but his actions as a Union soldier will not be commended by the old boys who wore the blue and shot to kill.

If Grant's army at Shiloh had been composed of such men as Mr. Wells, Beauregard could, with ease, have made good his declaration, and watered his horse in the Tennessee. If the Army of the Cumberland had fired blank shots, old "Pap" Thomas would not have attained the soubriquet of "The Rock of Chickamauga." If the gallant Army of the Potomac had betrayed the confidence reposed in them, and merely used powder, Gen. Grant's name would never have gone down in history as the hero of Appamattox.—H. T. Lucas, Yates's Phalanx, 39th Ills. Vet. Vol. Inf.

The Shiloh Battlefield Association.

Secretary E. T. Lee, of the Shiloh Battlefield Association, of Monticello, Ill., is making a complete roster of all the survivors of the battle. He now has some 5,500 names, representing almost every regiment and battery that participated on April 6 and 7, 1862, in the Army of the Tennessee, under General Grant, and the Army of the Ohio, under General Buell. There is great interest being taken by the survivors North and South in this battlefield, and it will undoubtedly be purchased by the government, made a national park, and the graves of the soldier dead cared for. The field contains some 4,000 Confederate dead, besides many of the Union dead, who were never found and were not moved to the cemetery. The field contains about 2,000 acres, lying between Snake and Owl creek on the north, Shiloh creek on the west, and Locust grove and Lick creek on the south. The association will have a two days' reunion on the battlefield next April 6 and 7, and mark the positions occupied by the various commands during the battle. The old Army of the Tennessee, North and South, have none of their battlefields preserved, and they feel that they are entitled to Shiloh. The association is receiving a hearty support in their efforts to preserve this battlefield, and many of the best men in the old Army of the Tennessee and the Ohio are members of the association. The following are the officers of the association:

President, Major General John A. McClernand, Illinois; secretary, Col. E. T. Lee, Monticello, Ill.; treasurer, Dr. J. M. Coleman, Monticello, Ill. Many others heartily indorse the movement besides thousands of the rank and file. The Society of the Army of the Tennessee, at their meeting at Chicago, indorsed the association, and appointed a committee of six to cooperate with the Shiloh battlefield Association in carrying forward the work which will undoubtedly succeed in its objects and the battlefield be made a national Memorial park.

A Reminiscence of Nashville.

Editor Camp Fire:—The First Ohio Sharpshooters, that is the Fifth, Sixth and Seventh companies, was Pap Thomas's headquarter guards in 1865 at Nashville, Tenn.; they were camped at the west side of the city on Church street; there was an ex-rebel put up a shanty between their camp and the city, in which he kept a saloon; now the boys always had to go along this street when they went on duty or went to town; he had this shanty lighted with three lamps astern suspended from the siding in the center of the room and the lamps set in sockets; he had a very vicious bloodhound as a guard over the place; he was so cross that he was compelled to keep him chained during business hours. Now one evening in July, '65, there were four of the Sixth Company going to camp for their supper, and when about to pass this saloon the lights were lit; one said let's have a glass of beer; all hands agreed and went in. Two of the boys had their guns and the other two didn't. One called for beer when the saloon-keeper says you can't have any; then one of the others wanted 10 cents of tobacco; he was also told he couldn't have it; then they wanted an explanation, but were told to get out of the room or he would let his dog loose and he would tear them out in a hurry. The boys told the ex-rebel to let him if he wanted to, and so he let the dog loose, and he was madder than his master and made a dash around the corner of the counter. Just then one of the boys shot the dog through the head, killing him instantly. Some one hit the lamps a lick, knocking them down and scattering the burning oil all over the shanty. It wasn't long in burning down. Now, who shot the dog and who knocked the lamps down?—One of the Four.

An Impossible Proposition.

Editor Camp Fire:—In my opinion the government should give to all ex-soldiers who have not taken advantage of the soldiers homestead law, an equivalent in money to what the land would be worth before any improvements were made thereon. This would only be an act of justice to those who know nothing about farming—mechanics, artisans, merchants, etc., and who would have to sacrifice the entire course of training and preparation they have undergone to qualify themselves for some of these avocations; also, to those who are now too old, and lack the vigor and ambition necessary to enter into new scenes and methods of labor. I was a member of Company K, First O. H. A., for over two years; I was not one of the old company to wake up, and throw some rails or chips on the camp fire. Where are you, Pat Costello, who on the march carried in addition to your regulation load, a hatchet, ax, coffee mill, mess pan and camp kettle; we had to warn the citizens, as we passed, to take in their grindstones or you would carry them off. I helped eat a potpie made of a peafowl, taken on special requisition by Comrade Hunter (who has long since crossed the line), the dumplings were made of flour which some of the boys ground in an old undershot watermill, the dumplings were raised by the use of the white ashes from green beech logs, the meat was tough and blue, but "stolen waters are sweet" which added piquancy to the sauce. Boys, what member of our company carried a live duck tied to his knapsack several days on the march, was it Sidders? I still have a watch keeping good time that I carried in '64 and '65. I draw no pension.—John M. Baker, Company K, First O. V. H. A.

Attention, 30th Indiana!

J. N. Ohlwine, Cromwell, Ind., secretary of the Thirtieth Indiana regiment, requests all comrades of that regiment who have changed their address within the last five years to write him at once. He is compiling a new roster of survivors.

Muscle and Vigor—A Difference.

Many muscular men succumb to fatigues borne with ease by persons far their inferiors in physical strength. Muscle does not imply vigor. In fact, it is not difficult of proof that athletes do not live as long nor enjoy as good health as the average individual who is vigorous—that is to say, whose digestion and sleep are unimpaired, whose nerves are tranquil, and who has no organic tendency to disease. These requisites of vigor are conferred upon those inherently weak, and who have been more debilitated through wasting disease, by a thorough, persistent course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the leading national tonic, indorsed and recommended by physicians of eminence. Keep well under control with the muscle of a Corbett, but it will infuse energy into your system, and renew the active and healthful performance of its functions. It averts and cures a malarial, rheumatic and kidney complaints, and overcomes dyspepsia, constipation, liver trouble and nervousness.

WHEN YOU CANNOT SLEEP.

The Doctor Tells Just Why You Can't and Just What to Do.

"What is the next most common complaint among women to melancholia?" reflected the doctor. "Well, a good many of them complain of sleeplessness. Of course, that is sometimes an accompaniment of real disease, but there are numerous cases of it in my experience where it is a separate and distinct ill."

"How do I treat it? Oh, I usually begin by asking questions. I ask my patients whether they have unusual worries which they lie awake o' nights to think over. I inquire if they make a practice of going to exciting plays or reading exciting books before they seek their downy couches. And you have no idea how many women regard an evening's entertainment as a miserable failure unless it is full of excitement. They go to see their "Second Mrs. Tanquerays", or they read their "Heavenly Twins" all evening, and come to me the next morning to know why they don't sleep! Why, excitement is as much a foe to slumber as a guilty conscience is.

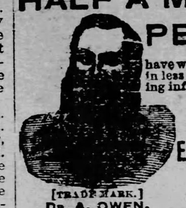
"Then I find out what kind of physical food they take before going to bed—whether it is a harmless cracker or two or a rest-disturbing Welsh rarebit or fried oysters. Of course, if they persist in foolish evening feasts, whether material or literary, I can't do anything with them. But if they assure me that nothing more thrilling than Maria Edgeworth's tales and nothing more indigestible than graham crackers form their bedtime banquets, I am willing to take them in hand.

"I tell them to take a very hot bath, or, at least, a hot footbath, before going to bed. That will almost invariably produce the most delicious drowsy sensations. Then I bid them to open wide their windows, for fresh air is a great aid to healthy slumber. Then when they are safe abed I charge them not to let their minds think of anything connected with the daily routine. I urge to make them picture to themselves long, even stretches of prairie, with the grass slightly brown, or the calm of a quiet sea. If only they can get firmly before their minds some quiet, soothing image, they are saved, and will be asleep before they know it.

"Drugs? Oh! I believe in mind cure for most women's insomnia."

If troubled with Bronchitis or Asthma, try at once Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, an old established Lung Troubleo-lwouwdwd old established medicine for all Coughs, Colds and Lung affections.

HALF A MILLION PEOPLE



[TRADE MARK.] DR. A. OWEN.

have written to Dr. A. Owen in less than two years, seeking information about

THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELTS AND APPLIANCES.

THOUSANDS HAVE BEEN CURED by them when all other means had failed.

OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE contains fullest information, list of diseases, cut of belts and appliances, prices, sworn testimonials and portraits of people who have been cured, etc. Published in English, German, Swedish and Norwegian languages. This valuable catalogue or a treatise on rupture cured with Electric Truss will be sent to any address on receipt of six cents postage.

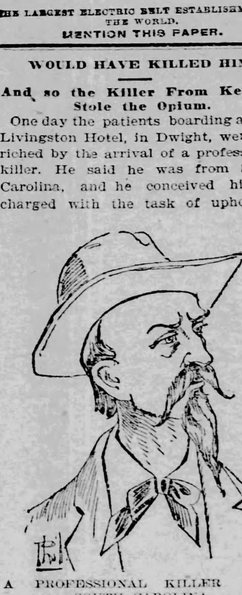
The Owen Electric Belt & Appliance Company
MAIN OFFICE AND ONLY FACTORY,
THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT BUILDING,
201-211 State Street, corner Adams. CHICAGO, ILL

THE LARGEST ELECTRIC BELT ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD.
MENTION THIS PAPER.

WOULD HAVE KILLED HIM,

And so the Killer From Kerliny Stole the Opium.

One day the patients boarding at the Livingston Hotel, in Dwight, were enriched by the arrival of a professional killer. He said he was from South Carolina, and he conceived himself charged with the task of upholding



A PROFESSIONAL KILLER FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

his idea of the chivalry of the South.

He was an extravagant boaster, and told of duels and gun fights till it seemed the whole South was flecked with gore he had shed. His particular malady was an imprudent use of opium, and nothing delighted him more than to tell how fearfully the pangs of that passion had tortured him.

"I was visiting in Albemarle county, Virginia, one time," he said, "and had resolved never to touch the drug again. But the desire came on so strongly that I could not appear at ease among the other company. I fought it as long as I could, and then, resolved not to yield, started out at midnight, and plunged headlong toward the mountain.

"I was totally unconscious. I had not an idea of where I was going. My only thought was, 'I must not yield, I must not yield.' I walked till daybreak, and then on all day and until midnight, at which time I fell exhausted in the middle of the road. I had traveled eighty miles without food, water or sleep."

"Well, had you conquered?" inquired one of the party.

"No, I had not. When I returned to consciousness there I was lying at the side of the mountain road, my craving for the drug as strong as ever. I saw

"I FOUND THE OPIATE BY SENSE OF SMELL.

a light, and went to it. It was a negro cabin. Of course——"

"Light at midnight in a negro's cabin?" interrupted one of the party.

"Yes. They were having a dance. I found I was on the plantation of Thomas Woodstock, my most intimate friend. I inquired how far it was to the next village, and they told me about half a mile. I knew if there was a village there was a drug store, so I tramped on, weary as I was, and finally reached the village. It was still as death. I found the drug store, pried off the fastening to the door, went in, and found the opiate by sense of smell, for I dare not make a light. I got enough for my immediate use, went out, and walked all the way back to my friend's house in the valley.

"Without any food?"

"Without a bite to eat. The drug sustained me."

"Then you have committed burglary?"

"Yes. There was no way to avoid it."

"Why didn't you send one of the darkies with money? He would have bought it for you."

"What would have been the use? The nigga would have gone and got the opium. The druggist would have asked him who it was for. The nigga would have told. The story would have reached my friends. Then I would have had to go and kill the nigga."

"Oh, certainly; that's so," admitted the chorus of auditors.

As a Simple yet Effective Remedy for Throat Affections, **Brown's Bronchial Troches** stand first in public favor. They are absolutely unrivalled for the alleviation of all Throat irritations caus d by Cold or use of the voice.

Is the American Child Spoiled.

A Boston paper has been getting together several opinions from persons supposedly informed in the matter upon the question: "Is the American Child Spoiled?" They are especially interesting, because every contributor to the symposium, in one way or another, attests his idea that the children of to-day are having too much done for them. Very many persons short and often express a similar opinion. Said an old man, speaking on this matter very lately: "Children are taking the journey of life these days just as they are taking their railway journeys—in Pullman cars. Every luxury of education is provided for them, every dose of learning has the bad taste taken out of it, or is compressed into tablets that can be swallowed at a gulp. And the process isn't going to make the sturdiest kind of men and women, in my opinion."

Another Had the Call.

Col. Wat. Hardin, of Kentucky, was recently asked if he did not regard a certain fellow here in Washington who had dealt most villainously with him as the most pluperfect, unpalliated scoundrel he ever knew. The Colonel studied the question with thoughtful gravity a moment, and then loyally remembering another rogue out West of even meaner proclivities, finally decided:

"No; committed to a fellow out in Ohio."—Washington Post.

The Festivity Not Yet Complete.

Tommy—Come on out an' play.

Teddy—I can't.

Tommy—Why not?

Teddy—I got some Christmas things wot I ain't broke yet.—Chicago Record.

The Sunday School.

Cain and Abel.

LESSON III., JANUARY 21, 1894.

Golden Text: By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain.—Heb. 11:4.

LESSON TEXT.

(Gen. 4:3-13.)

4. And in process of time it came to pass, that Cain brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto the Lord.

4. And Abel, he also brought of the firstlings of his flock and of the fat thereof. And the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering.

5. But unto Cain and to his offering he had not respect. And Cain was very wroth, and his countenance fell.

6. And the Lord said unto Cain, why art thou wroth? and why is thy countenance fallen?

7. If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? and if thou doest not well, the sin lieth at the door: and unto thee shall be his desire, and thou shalt rule over him.

8. And Cain talked with Abel, his brother: and it came to pass, when they were in the field, that Cain rose up against Abel, his brother, and slew him.

9. And the Lord said unto Cain, where is Abel, thy brother? And he said, I know not: Am I my brother's keeper?

10. And he said: What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground.

11. And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand.

12. When thou tillest the ground, it shall not henceforth yield unto thee her strength; a fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth.

13. And Cain said unto the Lord: My punishment is greater than I can bear.

Illustrative Applications.

Cain brought of the fruit of the ground an offering into the Lord. And Abel, he also brought of the firstlings of his flock and of the fat thereof. And the Lord had respect to Abel and unto his offering; but unto Cain and to his offering he had not respect (vs. 3-5.) If Cain offered of what he had to give, and Abel offered of what he had, why should the one gift be less acceptable in God's sight than the other? There must have been a difference in the spirit or in the meaning of the two offerings to make such a difference in their acceptableness with God. Blood stands for life. The offering of one's own life or the substitute blood is the offering of one's self. There can be no gift that equals that. To offer one's self, including one's possessions, is a perfect offer. Cain came to God with a present from the fruits and vegetables he had cultivated. Abel came in trustfulness, proffering blood as signifying the gift of himself. God cannot be pleased with a present that does not include its giver. Gold and silver, time and talents, services of any sort are nothing to God in comparison with the proffer of one's own self. He seeks "not yours, but you." If we would have our offerings well pleasing to God, we must see that they include ourselves.

The Lord said unto Cain, why art thou wroth? (v. 6). If we are angry it is well for us to consider whether we can justify our anger in God's sight. We may think or feel that we can excuse ourselves, or that our friends would be ready to excuse us, for being angry; but if we are to attempt to justify ourselves before God, that is another matter. Yet, unless we can justify our action and spirit we stand face to face with God, we and our course are without justification. God knows us as we are in all our weakness and in all our liability to fall or fall. He knows our surroundings, and he measures our temptations. He loves us, also, with more than a father's and a mother's love. If any one can find a real excuse for us, God can. And if we are angry, God will ask us why we are angry. We must consider what angers us, or are to give to God when God asks us the question he asked Cain.

Cain rose up against Abel his brother, and slew him (v. 8). That's the way a wicked man answers God when he can't answer him. If he is unable to justify himself in God's sight, he is likely to vent his spite on his fellow-man. Hatred of a brother ordinarily comes of dissatisfaction with one's self. When one is conscious of being a sinner, he has two courses open before him, or he can refuse to admit that he is wrong, and add to his sin by a new wrong against one of God's children. This latter way was the one taken by Cain; and, although he was the first man to take it, he was by no means the last.

Am I my brother's keeper? (v. 9.) Not every man is responsible for some other man. And the man who proposes to shirk responsibility for other men, is usually the man who knows he has failed in doing his duty by some one for whom he knew he was responsible. We cannot take care of everybody, but if we neglect to put out a hand for the protection or assistance of one whom we see to be in danger or in need by our very side, we are responsible for the harm or the suffering that comes to him in consequence. In "hard times" our responsibility for those who feel the pressure of the "times" is even greater than ordinarily. When we ask God if we are our brother's keeper, we usually do so not because we have any doubt on the subject, but because we want to shirk our recognized responsibility.

My punishment is greater than I can bear (v. 13.) The attractions of wrong-doing seem greater in prospect than in realization. The consequences of evil-doing seem slight in advance, in comparison with what they are found to be in experience. If we could only realize, or if we would, what the wages of sin would amount to, as we faced the temptation to do wrong, we should not think it worth while to go to work at those wages. But if we look only at the pleasures of anticipated sin, we lose sight of what their cost will be, and afterward we find that the cost of wrong-doing is more than we can pay, our punishment is greater than we can bear. The best time for repentance is before the sin.—H. Clay Trumbull, in Sunday School Times.

BRAIN-WORKERS

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

When night comes, the literary and active business man's brain is hungry from the exhausing labor of the day. Horsford's Acid Phosphate quickly supplies the waste of tissue, and refreshing sleep results.

Bold Wooers in Arabia.

Bashful lovers are almost an unknown curiosity in Arabia, for Arab "courtship" is unceremonious, to say the least of it. A young man sees a girl whom he would like to marry in another tribe. He rides up at night, finds out where she is sleeping, dashes up to her tent, snatches her up in his arms, puts her before him on his horse and sweeps away like the wind. If he happens to be caught, he is shot; if he is not, the tribe from which he has stolen the girl pays them a visit in a few days. A priest of the tribe joins the hands of the bridal pair, and the two tribes join in the festivities. Most of the brave men steal their wives, but there are some few peace-loving youths who do not.—Philadelphia Times.

The Language of Sealing Wax.

In France sealing-wax has by no means gone out as a consequence of the introduction of gummed envelopes. According to the Bulletin de la Papeterie there is even a sort of code or language of sealing wax among the fashionable people. White sealing wax is chosen for communications relating to weddings, black for obituaries, violet for expressions of sympathy, chocolate for invitations to dinner, red for business, ruby for engaged lovers' letters, green for letters from those who live in hopes and brown for refusals of offers of marriage, while blue denotes constancy, yellow jealousy, pale green reproaches, and pink is used by young girls, and grey between friends.—London Daily News.

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Scott's Emulsion

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1894.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 103,000

SLOWLY CATCHING UP.

We are still a little behind in filling orders for the Nasby Letters, and must beg the indulgence of our readers for a few days. Don't imagine your order has been neglected by us if you do not get the volume by return mail; it may be—and probably will be—a week or so later than that. But it will reach you in due time. Please be prompt in your January renewals. If your term expires any time in the present month, get in your renewal order just as early as you can. By so doing you will avoid delay in receiving your copy of the "Nasby Letters," and also facilitate out counting-room work.

A TREMENDOUS RUSH.

The immense demand for the "Nasby Letters" is a most remarkable phenomenon. It has never been equalled in our wide experience with Weekly Blade premiums. As things are going, we see that practically all of the regular subscribers to the Weekly Blade are going to obtain a copy of the book with their renewal. All we ask of our friends in this connection is that they will show the book to their friends and neighbors, and explain to them that they can obtain a copy, as a premium with the Weekly Blade for one year, for only onedollar. The book will NEVER be put on sale through the book stores, nor will we dispose of a copy except as a premium on a year's subscription to the Weekly Blade.

THE BILL WILL PASS.

The sturdy fight the Republicans of the House of Representatives are making against that compendium of economic iniquity, the Wilson law-tariff bill, is creditable to them, and for the best interests of the toiling masses; but it will not prevent the consummation of the scheme. There is no question about the bill going through the House. The enormous shoal of petitions and remonstrances which are pouring in upon the House and the individual members will not move the stubborn Bourbon majority. It is the belief of the Democratic members of the Ways and Means committee that it will pass the House by the end of January at the furthest. Furthermore, while some amendments will probably be made before its passage, they are likely to be quite unimportant, and not of any advantage to the vast army of workingmen.

But in the Senate no forecast can be made. The Democratic majority is narrow; and if Senators Hill, Murphy, and one or two others who are waging war on Cleveland should conclude to oppose the bill, it would have to be radically modified in order to pass. The friends of the measure believe it will get through the upper chamber, but not so speedily at it will pass the House. They admit that the Republicans can hold off its passage as long as they shall choose, unless some method of closing debate shall be adopted. However, the feeling is that the opponents of the bill, if in a clear minority, will only delay it long enough for exhaustive debate, so that the country may be fully informed as to its industry-smashing and wage-reducing provisions, and then allow the majority to pass it and assume the responsibility therefor.

The conclusion, then, is that it is pretty certain the Wilson bill will become a law, at least by May 1, and that it will probably go into operation by the beginning of the next fiscal year—that is, on July 1 next. And the prediction is an easy one that the November elections next fall will return a Republican House, and that in 1896 a Republican President will succeed the present incumbent as a consequence of the evils brought by the measure.

AN UNFORTUNATE ALLUSION.

Senator Voorhees is right. The "protected" industries of this country are like Oliver Twist. Does the Senator remember Oliver as he was when he asked for more? He was a poor starved wretch, and looked like thousands of those thrown out of employment in the United States because of the Wilson policy do to-day.

That was a very unfortunate illustration and allusion, Mr Voorhees. The Oliver Twists of this country demand food, and more of it, for their starved bodies.

Do you hear, Mr. Voorhees?

The increase of the whisky tax proposed by the Ways and Means committee, will be a decided advantage to the Whisky Trust. The increase of ten cents a gallon will be of course added to the wholesale price, and the Trust will thus lose no money because of it; while the extension of the bonded period from three years, as it is now, to eight years, will save the Trust at least a hundred million dollars.

The midwinter fair at San Francisco is open, but it will be about a month or so before the exhibits are complete. The stage of advancement corresponds about to that at the World's Fair. But the promise of the San Francisco exhibit is excellent, and it will be a credit to that city and to California.

The problem of poverty has been presented to the nation for solution by the Democratic party.

She declares that her Leasehold don't expire at the option of Governor Lewelling.

The new year would be happier were it not for Prof. Wilson and his colleagues.

It is Governor William McKinley, not McKinley, jr., as in the past.

THE RUM POWER ALARMED.

The Wine and Spirit Gazette, of New York city, in a recent issue, has an editorial clamoring for a judicial ruling that shall put the traffic in rum on the same plane with the sale of any of the necessities of life, such as food and clothing. Hear its shriek:

One justice of the United States Supreme court, in writing an opinion, introduced language implying that the liquor trade had no moral right to exist, but was continued only by the tolerance of public opinion. This ex cathedra expression of one justice has been accepted by the prohibitionists as the solemn judgment of that august tribunal, and is so continually heralded. It is a monstrous proposition, with no leg of logic, reason or fact to stand upon, and one which can never command the approval of the full bench.

Liquor men owe it to themselves and the interests of their trade to secure, at the earliest practicable moment, an authoritative condemnation of that insulting and unauthorized assertion. The very first liquor case that goes up to that court of last resort—and some are on the way now from South Carolina—should be so framed as to involve the distinct issue of the moral rights of the liquor traffic—that is, the same rights as the grain traffic, the traffic in boots and shoes, in drugs, or in any other commodity. The liquor traffic has existed in all the ages, and has received the recognition not merely of the most profound minds of all time, but of inspired writers as well, and even of Divinity itself. It is too late now, therefore, to claim that it has no moral right to exist. And the assertion would remain true even should the entire judiciary unite in a contrary opinion. The courts of the land, happily, do not make or unmake morality. Moral law is of higher origin than the decrees of human and fallible tribunals.

The Gazette puts over this the heading "A Monstrous Proposition," which it intends to refer to the proposition that the liquor traffic has no moral right to exist; but it better suits its own contention that the sale of intoxicants shall be considered as equally necessary and proper as the sale of any of the necessaries and comforts of life. The decision of the United States Supreme court referred to will never be condemned. The decisions of that tribunal have, as a rule, been along the line of the best thought, the highest moral feeling, of the people of the United States. The decision referred to—that in the California case, which has several times been discussed by The Blade—is certainly in harmony with the feeling of the educated and enlightened people of the country; and so long as that remains the same, the decision will never be overruled.

The traffic in intoxicants is, from its very nature, on a different plane from the traffic in grain, in boots and shoes, in drugs, and in other commodities which are necessities. Liquor as a beverage is not a necessity. When a man buys bread, or meat, or shoes, or any other similar article, he gets a fair exchange for his money. He gets something which supplies a necessary want. When he buys liquor, he gets something which is neither food nor clothing, which not only does him no good in any way, but really does him harm. It injures his health, depraves his morals, and sets his feet on the road which leads to poverty and misery. Such a traffic can never be put on the same level with that in other articles. The decision of the Supreme court declared the traffic to be an evil which existed simply by the permission of the state, not by any natural right; and therefore that the state has the full right to tax, restrict, regulate or prohibit, without the federal government having any authority in the matter.

The friends of temperance must, however, be on the alert to meet the effort, if it shall be made, to have the Supreme court rule that the liquor traffic has any moral right to existence. The status of the decision in the California case must be maintained. With it placed wholly within the power of the state, beyond the pale of any law save that of permission, there can be no legal obstacle to any method which may be adopted as the one which best will

Pulverize the Rum Power.

A. BANNING NORTON.

The most unique figure in Texas has passed away by the death of Hon. A. Banning Norton, for many years editor of the Intelligencer, of Dallas, Tex. Judge Norton's tall, spare form, and his flowing, abundant hair and beard, whitened with the snows of more than three-score and ten winters, has been an object of interest at Republican national conventions ever since the war. His uncut locks and beard were the result of fidelity to a vow made a half century ago.

Judge Norton was Ohio born, and almost 80 years old when he died. He was an ardent Whig, and stumped the state for Henry Clay in the memorable campaign of 1844. He made a vow that he would never shave nor cut his hair until "Henry of the West" was elected President; and this was kept throughout his life. Most men would have denied that Clay's death released the vow, but not so Banning Norton.

He went to Texas, started the first paper in Dallas, and was adjutant general of the state when the war begun, but resigned the position. After the war he was a member of the constitutional convention, United States marshal, postmaster at Dallas, and district judge. His paper has been since 1865 a straight-out Republican sheet, preaching the doctrines of the party in that wilderness of Bourbon Democracy. His political foes respected him for his uprightness, honesty and sincerity of purpose, and his loyalty to Texas. He was from Mt. Vernon, this state, and Hon. Frank Hurd, of this city, is his nephew. Peace to the ashes of the sturdy old Texas Republican!

Colorado citizens have issued an address showing that the state is in a solid financial condition, and on the high road of prosperity nothwithstanding the talk of Governor Waite and the anarchists of Denver. The gold output of 1892 is over a million in excess of 1891, while the coal and coke output of 1893 is only a little behind 1892. In agriculture the state is progressing rapidly, and take it all together the only discouraging matter in the state, is the fool state officials who have scattered broad-cast evil stories to hurt Colorado.

If the income tax proposition becomes a law, the actors, artists, lawyers, doctors, etc., who have been in the past eager to have it circulated that they are making enormous salaries will be as silent as oysters. Two dollars out of each $100 will prove a stop to much boasting.

One would suppose, considering the declining Treasury balance, and the need of funds, that the Democrats in Congress would take up a financial bill the first thing. Instead of that, they are trying to push through the Wilson bill, which will still further reduce the revenue.

There are two things to be set down to the credit of the year 1893—that it brought us the World's Fair, and did not bring the cholera.

"BRAVE DEEDS OF THE WAR."

Stories of the War by Men Who Wore the Blue and the Gray.

There is an unwritten history of the civil war; a history not to be found in the official records, the many volumes that have been published, concerning the strategic movements of great armies, the skill of commanding generals, and the issue of the mighty battles. Yet, between the lines, one catches glimpses of this unrecorded history. Thirty years after the great struggle it is heard as it falls from the lips of veterans at their peaceful camp-fires, or in social reunion, when the grizzled braves "fight their battles over again." And this unwritten tale, more marvelous by far than fiction, is of the sort that makes enduring history; for it is the story of the real heroes and of the bravest deeds of the war. It is proposed in the series of papers now-ordered to give to the readers of The Blade, for the first time, and in authentic form, by a large number of distinguished contributors, the stories of the most signal acts of individual heroism and self-sacrifice occurring under their personal observation while in the service, either by sea or land, of the North or South. Among the famous Union veterans who will contribute are:

Generals William S. Rosecrans, John M. Schofield, Daniel Butterfield, O. O. Howard, "Baldy" Smith, Alfred Pleasonton, Wesley Merritt, James H. Wilson, W. W. Averell, Nelson A. Miles, Daniel E. Sickles, A. D. McCook, N. P. Banks, D. C. Buell, Lew Wallace, Fitz John Porter, Henry W. Slocum, John M. Palmer, J. R. Hawley, M. T. McMahon, Benjamin Harrison, W. Q. Gresham, Isaac S. Catlin, Russell A. Alger, Benjamin F. Tracy, and Lucius Fairchild; Colonel F. A. Burr; Admirals Henry Walke, J. L. Worden, J. J. Almy, F. A. Roe, D. L. Braine, J. A. Greer, G. E. Belknap, D. B. Harmony, John Irwin, A. W. Weaver, J. G. Walker and R. W. Meade, and George Alfred Townsend, Frank Wilkeson and others.

The Confederate contributors will include these names of equal renown:

Generals Kirby Smith, S. D. Lee, James Longstreet, J. A. Early, S. B. Buckner, Joseph Wheeler, Wade Hampton, John B. Gordon, Fitzhugh Lee, M. C. Butler, William Mahone, Matt Ransom, Basil W. Duke, Roger A. Pryor, Joe Shelby, A. R. Lawton, John T. Morgan, H. R. Jackson, B. T. Johnson and others.

These will be supplemented by many others, the whole collection, when complete, forming a splendid monument to the prowess, patriotism, and chivalrous magnanimity of the American soldier. Thus those heroes who, by their individual deeds of daring, added luster and enthusiasm to the conflict—some in distinguished and others in humble roles—will find their true place in the loving and admiring hearts of a united nation.

The series will begin next week. Be sure to read the articles!

M'KINLEY'S INAUGURAL.

Toledo Daily Blade, January 8.

The inaugural address of Governor McKinley is brief, eloquent and altogether fitting the occasion. Ohio has had him for two years in the gubernatorial chair, and endorsed his administration during his first term by the largest plurality given to any governor for thirty years. There was no need that he should devote any space to an exposition of his policy, for that was fully outlined in his annual message to the General Assembly. The spirit in which he uses his authority as chief executive of the state is well stated in this sentence from his inaugural: "The best government always is that one which best looks after its own, and which is in closest heart-touch with the highest aspirations of the people."

This second inauguration of Governor McKinley is a notable date in his career as a statesman. His eminence in Congress, as the champion of the protection of American industries and American wage-workers, brought forth the bitterest antagonism on the part of the Democratic party. An Ohio Democratic legislature gerrymandered his district so as to give it 1,900 Democratic majority. His popularity was so great that he whittled this down to less than 300. But the sturdy Ohio Republicans made him their candidate for governor in 1891, and elected him. The business depression of last year, the result of the Democratic free trade threat, elevated his campaign for re-election into national prominence. The tremendous vote cast for him has made him the leader of the Republican party of the nation, and to-day he stands in the sunlight of popular approval as the recognized champion of American interests. He is no longer a state quantity alone, but a national one. Around him center the hopes and aspirations of the Republicans of the nation, and the ceremonies of to-day are accepted as the prophecy and promise of what shall occur at the national capital on March 4, 1897.

All hail, McKinley!

Some time ago a dispatch was published in the news columns of The Blade, giving statements of Colonel Willis, of Cheyenne county, Northwestern Kansas, as to the suffering of the people from lack of fuel, etc. The Jennings Echo declares his statements to be false. It says:

We live in Northwestern Kansas, and we have not had a blizzard this winter; in fact have not had enough snow yet to cover the ground. We have had a little cold weather, but have not heard of a single person who has suffered from cold or hunger. Money is scarce here, as it is everywhere now, but there is abundance of feed, and thousands of bushels of corn coming into our towns and selling at 25 cents. Does it look like starvation? Stock is still in the pastures and fields and are doing well. Three-fifths of the farmers have a large acreage of fall wheat sown, and wheat to bread them over another year. As we stated above, money is close, and some people quite hard up, as is the case in any country, but there is no one going to starve in this state; but if any of the Eastern states need any provisions, feed, etc., our northwestern counties here in Kansas can send them any amount.

The hired boy who is roused at 3 a. m. will be glad to know that in Holland women and persons of either sex under the age of 16 are now forbidden to begin work earlier than 5 a. m., or to continue at work after 7 p. m., nor can their work exceed 11 hours a day in all.

They have improved on Ohio methods over in Oregon. A defaulting county treasurer out there has been fined doubls the amount he stole, or over $45,000, and three years in prison added for good measure. We should learn the Western method of dealing with these scoundrels.

It is envy of their careless, happy lot that has evolved the suggestion of a tax on bachelors from some hapless Benedict?

It begins to look as though Mrs. Lease is a "biger man" than Governor Lewelling.

IMPEACH CLEVELAND!

The Hawaiian policy of the President meets with the condemnation of the vast mass of intelligent Americans. It is safe to say the majority of Mr. Cleveland's own party in Congress are opposed to it. And they are growing restive now that it is clear as the sun at noonday, since the arrival of the latest news from Hawaii, that he has clearly gone beyond his constitutional power. He has infringed on the duties defined by the constitution as belonging to Congress alone.

He appointed Blount to an office not created by law of Congress.

He armed him with powers which he had no authority to grant except as authorized by Congress;

He appointed him without sending in his name to the Senate for confirmation, thus violating a clear provision of the constitution;

He in effect declared war (a matter wherein Congress has sole power) against the provisional government of Hawaii, which has been fully recognized by the United States, not only under Harrison's administration, but under Cleveland's also;

To sum up, he has clearly usurped the constitutional functions of both Senate and House, and clearly violated at least three distinct provisions of the constitution of the United States.

He should be impeached.

The constitution created three coordinate departments of government—the executive, the legislative, the judicial. Each has its rights and duties, and especially is the executive hedged around with limitations, for the most common method of overthrowing a republic is for the executive head to usurp power and make himself a dictator, or consul, or emperor. The constitution also provides a method of checking the executive when he goes beyond his powers, by impeachment and trial.

Grover Cleveland should be impeached.

There has been quiet talk of this in Congress ever since the progress of events in Hawaii began to become public. The latest reports have given the movement an impetus. Already a quiet conference of members of both Houses of Congress has been held, to discuss the advisability of preparing articles of impeachment. The movement is not made by Republicans alone. Democrats from both Senate and House are in it. They recognize that the country has much to fear from the obstinate and domineering nature of the fat-witted incumbent of the executive chair, and propose to protect American liberty, even if it requires the impeachment of Grover Cleveland.

THE HAWAIIAN INFAMY.

The recent proceedings of the administration with regard to the Hawaiian matter are so infamous as to make any patriotic American blush for his country. Cleveland, with that bull-necked obstinacy which his silly adorers misname "firmness," is determined to put the saddle-colored, demimondsine, Liliuokalani, back upon the throne, if it be possible. He sent Minister Willis to do this, and expected to have the deed accomplished before Congress met. Willis, however, appears to be a man possessing at least the rudiments of honesty and fair dealing. He found when he reached Honolulu that Blount's report was unfair and one-sided, that the actual situation was thus misrepresented, and that the Queen could not be put back on the throne without the use of force. Added thereto was the fact that she refused to grant amnesty to all who took part in the revolution, or to accept the acts of the provisional government as legal. So Willis sent back a statement of the case, and asked for further instructions.

Cleveland sent his special Hawaiian message to Congress on December 18, and it was so cunningly worded as to put that body to sleep. It was assumed that His Stubbornness had dumped the whole matter for Congress to settle as it thought best. What should have been done was to have passed a resolution instructing the President to cancel all pending orders to Minister Willis, and await the pleasure of Congress. But this was not done. Then Cleveland, in his obstinacy, reinforced by the petty malignity of that narrow-minded bigot, Gresham, sent instructions to Willis to notify the provisional government to vacate, and to reinstate Liliuokalani.

Whatever news the Corwin brought, all that is certainly known is that the demand was made, and was vigorously refused by President Dole. Whether there has been bloodshed is as yet unknown. There may have been a rising of royalists in the Queen's interests; Minister Willis may then have landed marines "to protect the persons and property of Americans," and under this pretext have reinstated the Queen. We must wait until the arrival of to-morrow's steamer to tell the closing chapter in this most shameful episode of our national history.

Governor Flower, of New York, in his annual message, strongly favors the establishment of a state department of agriculture, and thinks excellent results can be obtained therefrom. Te also suggests to the legislature the creation of a new holiday, to be called "Harvest Day." It would seem that Labor Day fills all requirements of this sort. We doubt if the farmers of the Empire State care particularly for another legal holiday.

The New York Sun, in its fierce Democracy, demands the following remedy for the revenue deficit:

Levy an import duty of thirty-five per cent ad valorem upon tea, coffee, and sugar, and there will be no deficiency in the revenue; and so far as those articles are concerned the promise of the Democratic platform will be fulfilled, and the constitution will be observed and honored.

One of the notable days of 1894 will be November 6. Mark the date, and watch the fulfillment of the prediction that a Republican majority in the national House of Representatives will be erected on that day.

The Democratic administration will begin the new year by borrowing money for the ordinary expenditures of the government—a thing which has not been done since Buchanan's administration.

A deficit of $34,000,000 for the first half of the present fiscal year is the record of Democratic incapacity to handle national finances.

McKinley's advice to the General Assembly, in a sentence: "Use the ax on any bill to increase taxation."

There appears to be a good deal of paternalism in the "Pop." party.

What the country wants is not more money, but more business.

THE INCOME TAX.

The propositions agreed upon by Professor Wilson's ways and means committee, for additional taxation to make up the deficiency in revenue which must result from the operation of the Wilson low-tariff bill, are four in number:

First—An annual tax of 2 per cent. on all incomes of persons and corporations of over $4,000 per year.

Second—An increase of the internal revenue whisky tax by 10 cents a gallon.

Third—An increase of the internal revenue tax on cigarettes to $2 per thousand.

Fourth—A tax of 2 cents a pack on playing cards.

The three last items are of minor importance. Ppublic interest centers on the income tax proposition. When such a tax was imposed during the war, it was most unpopular, and the law was repealed on this account as soon as the finances of the government would permit that step to be taken. The older generation of business men recall distinctly its odious nature, but it may be well to recount the objections to the principle of income taxation.

The first is, of course, the fact that it is largely evaded, and offers a premium on perjury and tax-dodging. All incomes above $4,000 a year are to be taxed. The man whose net income from his business reaches $5,000, for instance, will be strongly tempted to swear it in at a thousand dollars less, and thus evade any payment. This was one of the strongest practical objections to the income tax of war times. Honest and upright business men bore a burden which their less scrupulous competitors evaded by false returns.

Of course there will be provisions in the law to compel a man to produce his books and papers, where the internal revenue collectors believe an individual has made a false return. He will be compelled to reveal the condition of his affairs, and make known facts which his rivals in business will be anxious to ascertain. It may be said that these matters will be official secrets; but such secrets have a way of getting to the ears of the very ones who should not know them. There are in this country hundreds of business men who can recall facts of this character.

A second objection is, that the burden of the tax is necessarily unequal. It does not take into account the necessary expenses of living. Take two men, one a family man, the other single, or with only a wife, and receiving equal incomes. The former may be able to save nothing out of his income, while the latter can easily save enough out of his to earn, when loaned, enough interest to pay his income tax. Hence the family man pays his tax out of his income, the latter out of the interest on his accumulations. This is but one instance out of many which could be given to show the necessarily unequal workings of an income tax, and its consequent injustice.

These objections, it will be seen, are to this form of taxation. There are partisan arguments which might be used against it, but we prefer to discuss it on broad grounds rather than from a strictly party standpoint. A great many people favor it because their incomes are below the $4,000 mark, and hence exempt. It is not good logic to commend an inequitable proposition because it does not directly and personally concern one. There is very strong opposition to the measure developing, and the opinion seems to be gaining ground that it can not pass Congress. But in this case the Treasury deficit becomes the question of questions with the present administration. The shortest way out of the whole difficulty, and the best for the country, would be to stop tinkering, and leave the tariff alone; but this can hardly be hoped for from the Democratic majority in Congress.

HELPING THE TRUSTS.

The Democratic party has for years howled about trusts, and abused the Republican party because of their existence. This was when it was trying to wheedle the voters into giving it place and power. This object having been accomplished, the present administration is doing all it can to aid the trusts. Not by legislation—oh, no! But by judicial decisions and opinions practically nullifying the anti-trust law. That law, it will be remembered, is a piece of Republican legislation, and renders it possible to compel the dissolution of a trust which is convicted of putting a higher price than is necessary or just on any commodity.

A federal judge in a Southern district, appointed during Cleveland's former term, rendered judgment in an anti-trust case, which attracted no general attention; and basing his exposition in that judgment, Attorney General Olney has rendered an opinion which will operate to absolutely nullify the Sherman anti-trust law, and render it impossible to bring a suit under it to a successful termination in any federal court. Attorney General Olney, be it remembered, is a "corporation lawyer," the counsel of a huge railway company, and therefore quite in sympathy with trusts, combines, and corporations. His summary of the decision referred to above is as follows:

1. That Congress can not limit the right of state corporations or of citizens in the acquisition, accumulation, and control of property.

2. That Congress can not prescribe the prices at which such property shall be sold by the owner, whether a corporation or an individual.

3. That Congress can not make criminal the intents and purposes of persons in the acquisition and control of property which the states of their residence or creation sanction.

4. That monopoly, as prohibited by the statute, means an exclusive right in one party, coupled with a legal restriction or restraint upon some other party, which prevents the latter from exercising or enjoying the same right.

5. And that contracts in restraint of trade and commerce as prohibited are contracts in general restraint thereof, and such as would be void at common law independently of any statute.

The application of these five state rights' doctrines is that Congress has no power to touch a trust organized under the authority of a state. Then Mr. Olney, following these propositions, holds that the anti-trust law can not apply to transactions wholly within one state, nor to railway companies doing an interstate business. Mr. Olney, so far as he is able, has committed the administration to the support and protection of trusts and corporations.

Some of the knowing ones at Washington are predicting that the present session of Congress will last all summer. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

The most popular New Year's greeting this year was "Please remit."

Smash the Wilson bill!

THE CREASE MUST BE IN THE MIDDLE.

She—Why have you walked pigeon-toed all day?
He—Tailor creased my pants wrong.

THE "NASBY LETTERS."

Read the Announcement of Our Grand Premium Offer.

On the fifth page will be found the announcement of the most important premium offer ever made by The Blade—and one that is most welcome, not only to our subscribers, but to the people at large, who have been asking for the "Nasby Letters" in book form for many years. We have spent much time and labor on this book, besides the great aggregate expense of printing and binding so many thousand copies. We hope that every subscriber will renew and get a copy under this offer.

A few weeks before the expiration of your subscription, you will receive a postal card, which if returned with one dollar for your renewal will be received as a due-bill for a copy of the "Nasby Letters," which will be sent postpaid, free of all charge. We do this in order to facilitate our work in entering names and sending the book. It takes far less labor to care for each month's renewals during that month than to let them run over into the next month.

Of course, we shall take care of new subscribers at the time they order. We can not send them postal card due-bills, nor fix a time wherein we prefer to receive their orders; but any new subscriber who sends us $1 for the Weekly Blade one year, and asks for a copy of the "Nasby Letters," will have his order filled as soon as it is received. If you do not mention that you want the book, we shall consider that you do not want it. Send in your orders!

THE ATCHISON'S FINANCES.

The failure of the Atchison road has created quite a sensation among British holders of American railway securities. The president of the Atchison was in London trying to borrow money to pay the January interest on the road's bonds only a few days before the property went into the receiver's hands, and threatened to prosecute the persons who circulated what he declared to be "infamous lies" about the road's financial condition. The falsification, however, seems to have been on the part of the road's officials.

Their reports showed that the road has been earning more than its fixed charges, including the January interest, the default of which compelled the receivership. The explanation offered by the president for desiring to borrow funds to meet the interest was, that the money which properly should have gone for that purpose had to be used to meet the floating debt. Why borrowing was not resorted to for the latter purpose instead does not appear, unless it had been tried and failed.

But now that attention has been called to the matter, experts have conclusively figured out from the road's official reports that its net earnings have been enough to pay both the floating debt and the interest, unless the officials have been guilty of cooking the figures. The Atchison has not suffered as severely as other Western roads from the business depression. For the past six months its net earnings show a falling off of only three-quarters of a million, which is but a slight decrease when compared with a total net earnings for the year ended June 30 last of over sixteen millions.

Hence either the road's earnings have been purposely misstated in the official reports, or they have been improperly used. The figures show them to be ample to meet all demands, with a balance over. Yet the road went into a receiver's hands from lack of funds. This revelation has, as we before remarked, created a stir in English financial circles. This is a very unfortunate state of affairs, for if it leads to general distrust of our railway stocks and bonds, the foreign holders will send them over here for sale; and the volume of these securities is so great that it would set up a heavy movement of gold from the United States to Europe. It is easily recalled that the gold shipments last year were due to this cause. Impairment of credit abroad would mean a hampering of American enterprise, not only in railways, but in many other lines of industry.

The Ways and Means committee estimates that the income tax will produce $30,000,000 revenue annually. This, however, is mere guess work. There is no means of teling accurately what amount it will add to the revenue.

There is no way for the indignant people to get at the Democratic Congress until next fall; but the verdict at the polls will be all the more emphatic because of the delay.

Are American wages too high? The Wilson bill assumes that they are, for it proposes to reduce them.

IS AN INCOME TAX UNCONSTITUTIONAL?

The decision of Judge Augustus J. Ricks, in the United States vs. Mitchell, for refusing to answer questions concerning business propounded by a government census agent, shows how perfect laws may be in intent and yet how lacking in the vital point of defining and imposing a duty on the person to be questioned.

Judge Ricks plainly says in his decision that the failure to perform a duty implied by law is not a crime. Congress failed in its several acts passed in reference to obtaining statistical matter from the heads or agents or officers of productive industries, to impose the duty on such agents or officers. Judge Ricks says that it was doubtless intended to impose such a duty, but it was never done. Before the United States court can acquire any jurisdiction, the statute must define the duty, impose it, and affix the penalty.

No head of any productive industry was, by reason of this failure on the part of Congress bound to answer any questions propounded. These are technically the immediate reasons assigned by Judge Ricks for his decision. But he goes still deeper into the core when he raises the grave question as to the right, under the constitution, of the government or the power of Congress to compel a citizen to disclose information concerning his business undertakings and the manner in which they are carried on. This limit must relate not only to the kind of the information he may properly refuse to disclose, because it may be equivalent to the appropriation of private property for public use without just compensation; but also to the extent of the information required, as well as to the time within which it shall be given.

Certain kinds of information valuable to the public and useful to the legislation branches of the government as the basis for proper laws have heretofore been voluntarily given, and may properly be required for the citizen, when it is not of property value or when the collection, compilation and preparation thereof does not impose great expense and labor for which compensation is not provided. It is not infrequent, however, that answers to questions propounded in some schedules if fully and properly prepared, involve the collection and compilation of facts that require the labor of a large force of clerks for days and weeks, entailing great expense and embarrassment to the ordinary business of the citizen. Is it within the power of Congress to make such answers compulsory and require the citizen to neglect his usual business with loss and to prepare this information at great personal expense, without proper compensation?

It may be regretted that Judge Ricks did not make the decision for the defendant on these grounds alone, instead of on an apparent omission of the law. It appears to be tenable ground alone, and not only involves the constitutionality of an income tax law. Such a law levying an income tax must necessitate the most rigid methods of questioning and a disclosure on the part of the citizen of particulars in relation to business, which are unwarranted by the constitution. An income tax is contrary to the spirit of our laws, and Judge Ricks's analysis appears to show that it is contrary to the constitutional letter.

THE GREAT RED SPOT.

One of the many mysteries of astronomical science is the great red spot on the disc of the earth's giant brother, Jupiter. He came into opposition with the sun in November last, and since then the astronomers have been studying his clouded, belted and spotted face. The marking known as the "great red spot" has been watched for the past fifteen years. It is in the planet's southern hemisphere, on the boundary between the tropical and south temperate zone. In all those years there has been but little change in its oval shape or in its dimensions, but its color and its degree of visibility have varied within large limits. On November 6 it was very plainly to be seen, and pinkish in color, while numerous red spots had appeared north of the equator. No theory yet broached satisfies all the observed conditions as to the nature of this spot, and it will probably long remain a puzzle to the astronomical world.

The Washington Post suggests that if the offices were taken out of politics Carl Schurz would be sure to follow them. The sting of the remark is in its absolute truth.

Somebody says the income tax will hurt nobody, as the Wilson bill, when it gets into operation, will leave few incomes above the $4,000 which is made the limit.

An increase of the public debt to the tune of more than six millions in December marks our declining revenues under the paralysis of coming free trade.

There are signs that Carl Schurz is getting restless. Perhaps he is contemplating a flop back into the Republican ranks—which Heaven forefend!

A decisive defeat of the Wilson bill would bring prosperity to the country within three months. But a defeat can not be hoped for.

Louisiana's sugar crop this year will reach 600,000,000 pounds. That will sweeten an immense amount of coffee and pie.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox must feel herself growing old. She is out in a protest against kissing.

WOMEN'S DOINGS ABROAD.

Miss Alice Goodall is the only woman filling an editorial chair in India. She conducts the Simla Guardian.

Miss Green, a young lady from Cardiganshire, is the present English governess to the Emperor of Germany's children.

Mme. Schliemann is fulfilling the promise made to her late husband, and is personally superintending the work of excavations at Troy, for which his name is so famous.

Miss Edith Simcox has for several years been employed on an important work which Messrs. Swan-Sonnenschein, of London, are to publish early in the present year. It is entitled "Primitive Civilizations," and is said to break new ground.

Lady Constance Lytton is among the most able lady journalists of the day. She inherits her literary qualities as her father was the late earl of Lytton, formerly Viceroy of India and afterward English ambassador in Paris.

The Princess of Wales takes a personal interest in Bertram Hiles, who, losing both arms by a street accident, devoted himself to the career of a young Bristol artist, and successfully trained himself to hold the pencil and brush in his mouth while drawing and painting.

The French Sisters of Marie Auxiliatrice, established under the special patronage of the late archbishop of Westminster, Cardinal Manning, a branch of their work in the east of London. Its beneficent aim is to succor poor families, but above all, to help young women who are employed in workshops and factories.

Mrs. A. H. Clough has recently given the sum of £1,000 to Newnham College, for the purpose of endowing a scholarship, to be called by the name of her husband, Arthur Hugh Clough. It is intended that the scholarship shall be awarded each year to the best qualified candidate, who, having studied at Newnham College for three years, wishes to continue her studies there for the fourth year.

FEMININE GOSSIP.

A Swedish woman has hit upon a new field for women's work. She has started in business as an analytical chemist in a town which is the center of the mining industry.

When Mrs. Peter Cooper first went to housekeeping it is said that every article of her furniture was made by her husband with his own hands, including bedroom and parlor "sets."

Mme. Fateno, wife of the new Japanese minister, likes American dress, with the exception of hoops. She is trying to accustom herself to them, but finds it very hard to sit on the floor gracefully and comfortably, as she can in her national garb.

An English paper states that visitors to the World's Fair were impressed by the popularity of whist with American women. They claim to have discovered that several women make a good living by teaching other women the mysteries of the game.

Poor Joan of Arc is not to be admitted to the calendar of the Catholic saints. Joan is said to have no qualities which would entitle her to sainship. She is said to represent a national sentiment, not a religious triumph.

"We must learn how the birds roost all night without falling off the perch before we can have a really good seat on our horse, one that we never dream of losing, no matter what sudden spring our horse may make," is a bit of Miss Brackett's advice to the woman who is learning to ride.

The question of the social and legal inequality in the standing of men and women has been much debated recently in Paris. Several women petitioned the Senators, not long ago, to repeal the laws which are best to women's advantage. To all them the complaint was fanciful and said for them to write to the papers or call a meeting or do something of that sort.

Carmen Sylva is now in excellent health, and is able to walk for a short distance. Her Majesty has become much thinner, and her hair, which began to change color after the death of her little daughter, the Princess Marie, is now quite white. Her Majesty possesses the most beautiful teeth, which are often in evidence, for she smiles on all—a habit which gave her the appellation among her people of "Our Smiling Queen."

CURRENT TOPICS.

There are upwards of 6,000 old veterans at the Payton Soldiers' Home, and the death rate is one per diem.

Two thousand members of the local clothing cutters' assemblies in New York, Brooklyn and Newark have withdrawn from the Knights of Labor and joined the United Garment Workers of America.

Tramps in Kansas are robbing churches. Emboldened by the protection guaranteed them by Governor Lewelling, they are accumulating all sorts of arms, and excellent collisions with the people are feared.

The Prussian court has long since ceased to get its fashions from Paris. Even the new dances have to be of native origin. The latest novelty in dances at Berlin is the cavalleradille, as King William himself has named it.

In the vicinity of Constantinople, on both the Asiatic and European sides of the Bosphorus, the phylloxera has done so much harm to the vineyards that the government has ordered the importation of France and imported American vines.

A very fresh young freshman at Washington college, Kan., stole all the shirts worn by the girls over the Turkish trousers they don for gymnasium exercises, to the consternation of the whole school. Is it within the power of Congress to make such answers compulsory and require the citizen to neglect his usual business with loss and to prepare this information at great personal expense, without proper compensation?

Somerville, Mass., has a Shirt Manufacturers' Association of Troy has been flooded with 20,000 signatures against the Wilson bill.

Tramps are "working" strikers at Stonington, Conn. They threaten to go to work and the strikers pay them to leave the city.

A Milwaukee saloon keeper says free lunches in that city's bars cost $6,000 a day. He wants them abolished and the money given to aid the poor.

A Tacoma man lost a suit for $10,000 damages against the Tacoma Labor Union. He claimed that he had been out of work three years because he was not a member of the union.

Prison furniture lodging and food at a local prison. The other morning the crowd struck against rolling up their quilts and cleaning the prison. Now they must do the work before they eat.

Publishers' Column.

WATERPROOF OVERCOATS.

The Mackintosh Brought Within the Means of Every One.

The "mackintosh"—a thin cloth coat impervious to rain—is universally used abroad as an overcoat for winter, spring and autumn. It is infinitely superior in wet weather to the ordinary "rubber" coats, clammy and cold.

The "mackintosh" is a regular spring overcoat of fine quality so far as appearances go and only the wearer knows that it is perfectly waterproof and warmer than an ulster.

The ordinary cost of a mackintosh ranges from $16 to $25; but one of the American manufacturers has agreed to sell nsigle coats to subscribers of The Blade at the wholesale price per thousand, and this reduction brings the cost

of an excellent coat to about one-half the usual retail price. The offer is limited to two colors and two grades, and to sizes (bust measurement) ranging from thirty-six to forty-six inches. Each coat is fifty-three inches long, with a detachable cape twenty-four inches long, of double texture goods, the lining being a handsome plaid. They are made of fine materials and in the best manner. They will not grow hard or stiff, and are first-class in every respect.

The dark-blue coat is of very fine cloth, ribbed, not all wool, but very handsome, and the price, including delivery to any express office in the United States, is $8.85.

The black coat is made from a fine wool, smooth-surface cloth that is less showy than the blue, but will give the best of service. The price, including delivery to any express office n the United States, is $9.85. Coats of different sizes will be made to order for $2 extra.

In ordering care must be taken to send the correct breast measurement, as exchanges can not be made. All remittances must be sent to The Blade, Toledo.

LADIES' WATERPROOFS.

This waterproof is single texture cloth, made in Inveress shape, as shown in the cut. The Inverness is the only style which can be worn with the latest fashions in ladies' gowns—with shoulder puffs and the new sleeves. This waterproof is sleeveless, with a long cape, covering the

arms and buttoning in front. This cape is prettily lined with an appropriate color of cloth. They are carefully stitched and thoroughly vulcanized, so they are unaffected by any climate.

We can furnish them in two colors—either in black diagonal or navy blue diagonal. In ordering, state whether you want black or blue. The only measurement necessary to be sent is the length wanted down the back, from the neck. They are made 52, 54, 56, 58, 60 and 62 inches long. The odd inches are not made.

We will send one of these ladies' waterproofs by express, and prepay the express charges to any express office on any railroad line, for $5.95. Be careful to give the express office to which it is to be sent, as well as your postoffice address.

THE BLADE WASHING MACHINE.

It is only after careful consideration and thoroughly testing the machine, that we arranged to offer our subscribers the BLADE WASHER. Thousands have been made and sold in Northwestern Ohio and throughout the United States, and we are satisfied to recommend and endorse them. It is the only perfect machine on the market, and saves time, labor, soap and clothing. Directions accompany each machine. The retail price of this machine is $7. We, however, offer to send one of these Machines by freight to any address, and also a copy of the Weekly Blade on year, for only $5.00; or we will ship a Machine free to any person sending us ten subscribers for the Weekly Blade one year and $10. The entire club of ten to be sent at one time. The Washer is carefully boxed or crated and shipped by freight, the purchaser paying freight on receipt of Machine. The freight charges will be but a trifle. Addrsse "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

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We are now ready to supply a new edition of Chambers' Encyclopaedia, the original edition of which sold at $30 per set. It is a clear reprint of the Edinburg and London edition of this great work, with very large additions upon topics of special interest to American readers, and giving American statistics of population down to and including the census of 1890.

This great Encyclopaedia contains thousands upon thousands of articles, embracing all subjects within the limits of human knowledge in its more than 27,000 specially prepared articles, giving pointed, practical, explicit and most interesting and instructive information both for the student and the general reader, free from ambignous technicalities. Its particular and unique value is the happy solution of the problem of fulness and convenience. It is neither bulky nor superficial. It is the book of reference for the million. Chambers' Encyclopaedia has always occupied a front place among the cyclopedic works to be coveted. This is a new edition, revised in 1890, reset in clear but fine type. It comprises THIRTY small, compact volumes, in paper covers, and the 30 books will weigh about 13 pounds.

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Or, we will send the Encyclopaedia alone for $2.50.

The Encyclopaedia will be sent by mail, postage paid. Address The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

A HANDY ATLAS.

Messrs. Rand, McNally & Co. have just published a new Handy Atlas, of 380 pages, each page 7 1-2 by 5 1-4 inches, containing colored county maps of the United States and Canada, accompanied by descriptive, statistical and historical matter pertaining to each state, territory and province, with indexed list of all counties, with area and population; also, colored skeleton maps of the continents, showing all countries of the world colored statistical diagrams giving data as to area, population, products, commerce, finance, etc.; with a "ready reference list" alphabetically arranged of all cities, towns and villages, with population by the late census.

This volume is printed on good paper, bound in flexible cloth. In good order it is not a paper cover; it retails for $1, but we will send a copy, postpaid, with the Weekly Blade one year, for $1.50. Or, we will send a copy of the Handy Atlas, postpaid, for 75 cents. "Address "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers to The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons, and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver. This table ware so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived, and not only the first-class hotels but many private families are discarding plated ware and substituting this. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver, the smooth pattern requires absolute perfection in the casting, which is not necessary where the stamp will hide the minute pinholes. It can be engraved with monogram or initials, like silver.

The advantage of solid metal tableware lies in the fact that it can be used constantly everywhere, and in the roughest manner, scoured with sand or polished with chalk, and there is nothing to wear off or wear out.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1.25
½ dozen teaspoons	.80
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2.35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1.55
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2.00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1.15
½ dozen table knives	2.25
1 dozen table knives	4.25

These are made only in the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

There is nothing which so adds to a home as nice pictures upon its walls. The Blade has sold tens of thousands of pictures—copies of the most celebrated paintings in the world. Only one person can own the original, but everybody can have a good copy at a very low price. Most of these pictures are done in high colors, in close imitation of the original painting. One or two of them are photographic etchings, and very artistic. Sizes of these pictures either 17x24 or 21x28. We now offer the following:

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Any one of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 CENTS.

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MR. SPRINGER TO THE QUEEN.

I am loaded, Lily, loaded,
And in Congress halls again
Thou will see thy Willy battling
Midst the other Congressmen;
Let thine arm, oh queen, support me,
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear,
For I'm ready for the fracas
At the starting of the year.

Let not freedom's servile minions
Mock the lion in his lair,
For his mane and tail are flying
Though the circumambient air.
And I wait the fateful moment
With a wild, tumultuous joy,
I, the mighty queen restorer,
From the state of Illinois.

Should the missionary rabble
Dare assail my fame at home,
I will sting them in my fury
From beneath the great white dome;
And I'll tell them in the Record,
That despite their taunts and flings,
With the fearless help of Springer
Thou shalt mount the throne of kings!

And do thou, star-eyed Kanaka,
Glorious sorceress of the Isles,
Light my pathway through the darkness
With the splendor of thy smiles.
Let Dole and Thurston do their howling,
Let their brows with laurel twine,
I can scorn all meaner triumphs,
If I save a throne like thine!

I am loaded, Lily, loaded,
Hark, th' insulting rebels cry.
They are coming; quick I'll meet them,
I will make the cowards fly!
Ah, ha, ha, amid the battle
Shall my soul exulting swell,
Now, let sacred Pele guard thee,
While thy William gives them —!
—New York Sun.

THE DYNAMITE BOMB.

1—"Hello! What's that?

2—"Looks like an egg"—

3—"Oh its no good. I'm going to

kick it.

Had Reasons for Believing.

Penlope (triumphantly)—I heard last night that Jack was head over ears in love with me.

Grace (jealously)—You can not believe all you hear.

Penlope—No, but I should not wonder if there was something in it.

Grace—Why? Who told you?

Penlope—He did.—Yonkers.

An Unexpected Confession.

"I know I play a poor game of billiards now," said the young man with the cue in his hand, "but—"

"You used to play a great game," interrupted a disgusted bystander.

"But," continued the man with the cue, without noticing the interruption, "but, as I was saying, I used to play a far poorer game."—Detroit Journal.

The Home Vocalist.

"What is that fellow at the piano singing?"

"I Fear Thee Not."

"Fear the knot. I should think he would fear the noose."—Indianapolis Journal.

How Much for Rum?

Eng. and gave £1,363,153 to missionaries last year.

DIED.

LOOKE—At the family residence, Toledo, Ohio, January 6, 1894, at 7:30 a. m., KATE KING, wife of Robinson Locke.

Mrs. Kate Locke, the daughter of Hon. Charles A. and Mary Dodd King, was born in Toledo, March 30, 1862. She was married married to Mr. Robinson Locke on July 15, 1886. They have no children. Mrs. Locke leaves a brother, Mr. Charles A. King, of Chicago; a sister, Mrs. Sturgis T. Dick, of Meadville, Pa. and two younger brothers, the children of her father by his second marriage.

Mrs. Locke was a lady broad and generous in mind and heart, and positive in character. Like both her parents, her charitable impulses were strong, and very many of Toledo's poor remember with gratitude her kindly ministrations in time of need. She was president of the True Charity organization, and the inspiration of the great charity concert at Memorial hall on November 9, the success of which was largely due to her untiring efforts.

Strong in her affections, she was devoted to her father, and in constant attendance upon him during his last illness. Her union with Mr. Locke was an ideally perfect one, as they were entirely congenial, possessing the same tastes and aspirations. So close were they to each other that they have never been separated for a single day since their marriage.

Mrs. Locke was carefully trained in some of the best schools in this country, completing her education in Europe. Cultivated and refined in taste, she was fond of travel, and, with her husband, made several trips to Europe. Last winter they visited Japan together, sailing home from Yokohama just one year before the day of her death.

With great natural talents, and a cultivated and accomplished woman, she was in every way fitted for the place she filled in the social world. Her circle of friends was a very large one, knit to her by the bonds of esteem and affection rather than the mere formalities of fashionable life. Those who were privileged to meet her in her own family circle know well the happiness she found there, and how severe a blow her loss will be to her husband.

Mrs. Locke had an attack of la grippe some eight weeks ago, and never fully recovered therefrom. When apparently on the road to recovery, a relapse would come. The poison of the disease seemed to have permeated the system, finally bringing on congestion of the stomach, which was the immediate cause of death. Her condition was not deemed dangerous until the day before her death. The end was peaceful and painless. The funeral took place at the family residence at 2 p. m., Tuesday, January 9.

TOLEDO'S GREATEST FIRE.

Over a Half Million Dollars' Worth of Property Destroyed.

On Wednesday evening, January 3, the most destructive fire which Toledo ever experienced broke out in Quale's elevator, on the river front, at the foot of Madison street. The cause was spontaneous combustion.

An explosion of dust soon wrecked the upper portion, and gave the fire headway. In spite of the herculean efforts of the firemen, the flames, fanned by a southerly breeze, spread across Madison street to C. A. King & Co's. elevator and business block, which was soon a flaming ruin. They also crossed Water street from Quale's elevator, to the Chamber of Commerce building, containing about sixty business offices, two banks, the Western Union Telegraph office and the American District Telegraph office. The whole structure was speedily destroyed. It occupied the entire block on Madison from Water to Summit streets.

The adjacent building to the south was a theater and museum, known as Wonderland, which was speedily a mass of fire. The flames also destroyed the next building, occupied by the great wholesale drug house of West & Truax. Here a double fire wall checked their further progress. The Hartford block, and other business structures opposite these three burned buildings, on Summit street, were in great danger, but were finally saved after a severe scorching of their fronts, and destruction of the plate glass windows.

Across Water street from King's elevator was a two-story brick saloon, which was utterly destroyed. Back of this, fronting on Summit street, a three-story brick had its two upper stories in the rear badly damaged. The total loss is $600,000, on which there is $400,000 insurance.

—The great value of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for scrofula is vouched for by thousands of people whom it has cured.

DR. WILSON'S PRESCRIPTION.

I.—The Doctor's Sign.

WILSON, M'MILLIN & CO

Free Trade Doctors.

CURING FITS A SPECIALTY.

II.—The Patient.

In wind and limb young U. S. A.
Was sound as a dollar, every way.
His chest was fifty inches 'round,
His lungs like bellows, heart as sound;
He'd run ten miles, and wind to spare,
His grip would shame a grisly bear!
Muscles like steel and frame like oak.
This youthful athlete's strength bespoke
His eye was bright, his mind serene,
His tongue was red, his conscience clean;
He had a wondrous appetite,
And slept a dreamless sleep each night.

III.—The Diagnosis.

The wise professor shook his head,
And said, "Why, deary me!
You're in a very dreadful state
Of low vitality!
But I know what 'tis that ails you!
I've a remedy that hits
Your desperate case exactly,
For it's certain death on fits!"

Incredulity.

It was a young athlete, who grinned a
And said, "Doctor, I very much fear,
As I never been sick for a day in my
You've got the wrong pig by the ear!"

V.—Explanation.

The doctor looked solemn and wise!
"Young man," said he, "take good advice!
It's quite plain to me
You're a goner," said he.
"Although you don't know it,
You've fits, and you show it!
And I'll prove that you've got 'em!" said he.

"And then I will cure you!" said he.

VI.—The Prescription.

FREE TRADE. WAGECUTTER

AND BUSTEM.

Economic Prescriptions carefully compounded according to the Purest Theory, and Without Regard to Expense.

Rx.

I Wilson Barbed Wire Free Trade Pill.

'Twill roam around your insides till
You haven't any left! And then
You'll find you've AWFUL FITS! and when
You've got 'em bad, just come to me:
I make of fits a specialty!
WILSON, M. D.

N. B.—England, France and Germany, Undertakers. Industrial Corpses Interred at Lowest Rates.

Honor to the Humble.

It is not often that a humble bank porter is honored by his employers to the extent of having his portrait hung conspicuously on the walls of the directors' room, but such was the good fortune of Carey Logan, an old negro who died in Louisville a few days ago. He was an ex-slave who served the Bank of Kentucky faithfully for fifty years, handling millions of dollars during that time without a mistake, and winning the high esteem of all who knew him, though untaught and unfettered.

BRILLIANTS.

When we are gone,
The generation that comes after us
Will have far other thoughts than ours.
Our ruins
Will serve to build their palaces or tombs.
They will posses the world that we think ours
And fashion it far otherwise.
—Longfellow.

Like snow that falls on water seem the years,
The inappreciable years that melt away
Into Time's welter—yet, unseen, the tide
Is swelled thereby, and haply some good ship
Floated across the sandbars into port
That means smooth haven and a sight of home.
—Richard Burton.

My love she sang a song of love;
Her words were sweet and low,
As though the echoes from above
Had strayed to me below.
No more my fancy wandered free,
Where time and change have part;
The wide, wide world had come to me,
The morning of the heart.
—Laura F. Hinsdale.

A wanderer from the woods I met,
With tufts of pink arbutus wet
With April dews and showers that fell
Around them in some far-off dell,
And redolent of the rich loam
That fed them in their forest home.
Strange perfume, in whose effluence broods
The wild sweet spirit of the woods,
Bringing remembrance of old days,
Of spirit-time, wandering through a maze
Of mossy, winding, wooded ways,
Or o'er some brown hill's hoary side
Where the shy arbutus loves to hide.

TOLD BY A SENATOR.

Apropos of Cleveland's Attitude on the Hawaiian Matter.

"Do you think Cleveland's Hawaiian policy and its failure will hurt him politically?" asked a New York Congressman of a fellow-statesman from Mississippi.

"We can tell better after awhile," replied the Spanish moss publicist. "Now I might tell an anecdote which expresses my belief about Cleveland's come-out in this Queen Lil business. Once when I was about ten years old I was visiting a boy about that age, who lived on a neighboring far. The name of my entertainer was Sprague. It was a dirty, cold, wet day. Just as the Sprague boy and I were picking our careful way through the deep mud and mire of the barnyard, old man Sprague came out of the barnyard leading a four-year-old colt. The colt was full of a high, half-broken life, and seemed to be passing most of its time on its hind legs. Sprague was used to water the colt. His policy in this aqueous enterprise was to enthrone himself on its back and ride it down to the neighboring branch.

"Whoa," remarked old Sprague, in a tone of fury, as he jammed the heading colt up against a strawstack, preparatory to mounting. Old Sprague was a choleric man, and his bad temper had came mighty near getting him 'churched' two or three times.

"Getting the colt reasonably on all four of his feet, old Sprague launched himself upon the colt's bare back. He didn't tarry there a moment. The colt arched his back until it looked like a hoop; put its nose between its fore legs, and then indulged in three stiff-legged jumps, which, as a result, sent old Sprague rolling and tumbling in the mud of the barnyard. I was awed into silence by the inhuman spectacle, but young Sprague almost burst into tears.

"'I'spill it, hurt you, paw?' he asked.

"'Well,' replied old Sprague, picking himself out of the mud hole in which he'd lodged, his face red with wrath; 'it didn't do me a blamed bit of good.'"

FOR YOUR SCRAP BOOK.

During the Franco-Prussian wars the Germans fired 30,000,000 rifle cartridges and 363,000 charges of artillery, killing or mortally wounding 77,000 Frenchmen, showing that 400 shots are required to kill or mortally wound one man.

During the most peaceful years the world has 3,700,000 soldiers, who are withdrawn from productive occupations to pose as soldiers. The pay, equipments, food and clothing of these men cost the world's taxpayers nearly $8,000,000 a day.

In 1881 English ships brought to the bone factories of England 20,000 skeletons of Turkish and Russian soldiers who had perished in the Crimean war. They were to be utilized as fertilizing material, after being ground to powder in the mills.

All the wars of Napoleon Bonaparte cost his country £235,000,000, while the wars of Louis Napoleon cost France £142,000,000. The former made the enemy pay most of the expense; the expense of the wars waged by the latter was borne by France.

During the civil war in this country, from 1891 to 1865, the union ordnance department served out to the army 7,802 cannon, 4,022,000 rifles, 2,330,000 cartridges for foot and horse, 12,000 tons of powder, 42,600 tons of shot and 1,025,000,000.

The soldier is the best fed individual of his class in Europe. The British soldier receives for his daily ration 16 ounces of bread, 12 of meat, 2 of rice, 8 of dried vegetables, 16 of potatoes, and once a week he receives 2 ounces of salt, 4 of coffee and 9 of sugar.

The American revolutionists of 1776 were opposed by 30,166 men bought by the British government in Hesse, Brunswick and Ansbach. For these men the king paid £5,127,000, or about £175 per man. Of the total number of mercenaries, 11,843 perished in the war.

The largest standing army is that of Russia 800,000 men; the next in size that of Germany, 492,000; the third that of France, 550,000; the fourth, Austria, 323,000; after which come Italy, with 255,000; England, with 210,000; Turkey, with 160,000; Spain, with 145,000.

In the Crimean war of 1855 500,400 men went to the front, of whom 9,450 were killed in battle, 33,870 were wounded, of whom 11,750 died in the hospital, 73,375 died of diseases contracted during the campaign. The total deaths were 95,615. The war cost £305,000,000.

The Krupp steel 130-ton gun has a range of 15 miles, and can fire two shots a minute. The shot weighs 2,600 pounds, and 700 pounds of powder are required for a charge. The cost of a single round from this gun is $1,500, and it is said that the gun can not be fired more than 50 or 60 times. The cost of the piece is $475,000.

The regular army of China is said to consist of 323,000 men. Besides this, the emperor's army, there is a national army of 650,000 men, who are paid about $1 a month, but in consideration of this munificence are required to feed themselves. The cavalry receives $3 a month, feed their own horses, and if lost or killed, are required to replace them out of the pay given by the government.

A PERSIAN BOUDOIR.

The Lady Pays But Little Attention to the Decorations.

A Persian lady's rooms do not occupy much of her time and attention. They are very simple, and taste plays no important part in them. The walls are either plainly tinted, ornamented with scrolls, carved in plaster, or inlaid up to the ceiling with fragments of looking glass. Her bedding by day is rolled up in a corner of the room she generally inhabits.

On a shelf—on a niche stands a turquoise-colored vase, on which rests a strongly-scented shaddock. This is the only decoration excepting the exquisite carpets and rugs which are spread about the floor. She is thoroughly domestic, and treats her women servants and slaves much as if they were her equals, interesting herself in the cookery and often making the sweetmeats in which an Oriental household delights.

"A THOUSAND YEARS IN THY SIGHT."

Neither joy nor sorrow move
The figure at the feet of Lore;
Light of breathing life is she,
Spirit of immortality.

Load me up thy stony stair,
O spirit, into thy great air!
For his day of pain and tears
Is to man a thousand years.
—Annie Fields in Harper's Magazine.

MY MOTHER-IN-LAW

Gus De Smith—I hear that you wife's mother is very sick—Is she dangerous?

Pete Amsterdam—She is a very sick woman, but she is not as dangerous as when she is well.—Texas Siftings.

Ringo—Why so gloomy, old man?

Witherby—I just saw my mother-in-law on the train. She's going back home.

Bingo—That ought not to make you feel gloomy.

Witherby—She bought an excursion ticket.—Truth.

Valet—There is a lady outside who refuses to give her name. She is looking at everything in the parlor and does just as if she was at home.

Mr. Uptodate—Great Caesar's ghost! She must be either my mother-in-law, or that woman who is threating to sue me for breach of promise.—Texas Siftings.

A Small Bible.

The Oxford University Press has produced a Bible printed from the type called brilliant, which is the smallest size used in English printing. It contains 1,216 pages, with maps, and measures 3½ by 2¼ inches, and is five-eighths of an inch thick. Bound in limp morocco it weighs not quite three ounces.

Was a Queer Chick.

Leonidas Aldese, who died in Brown county, Ind., aged 70, recently, was a queer chick. Went there disappointed in love when a young man and built a tower there. Bound in consideration of this mund 75 feet high on Bear Wallow Hill. Lived on top and looked at stars and scenery and wrote poetry. Never married

THE DOUBLE SKIRT.

A Fashion Which is More and More Apparent.

An imported dress which was much admired at a "coming-out tea" the other day had a long, slightly draped skirt of black moire worn over a petticoat of black satin. The waist was composed of a tightly fitting "garcon de cafe" jacket, made of the new fur, "caracul," which resembles astrachan, but which is much softer and finer, and of a rich, velvet-like blackness. The upper part of the sleeves of black moire fell in voluminous folds over the lower part, which reached to the elbow, and which were moulded to the

arm in the caracul. A sable collar and a black satin bow were worn at the neck.

Another of these "double-skirt" costumes has a skirt of green velvet, trimmed with Venetian guipure. Over this is draped a skirt of crepe de Chine, in the changing tints of a dove's throat; this is also bordered with Venetian guipure. The corsage of the crepe, which is fitted behind and pleated in front, has a yoke of green velvet framed in the guipure. The collar and girdle are of the green velvet, and the crepe de Chine puffs of the sleeves fall over deep velvet cuffs. This is a Doucet design.

Still another of these gowns, in lavendar cloth, has a skirt bordered with chinchilla and trimmed with silk cording. The overskirt of the same is looped at the side with black velvet ribbon knots. The jacket and its wide black velvet revers are bordered with the fur. The full cloth puffs of the sleeves surround deep velvet cuffs. Another looped-up gown in an evening dress of apricot silk crepe. The skirt, which is slightly draped at the side, has two flounces of beautiful lace. The lace berthe is caught down by a cluster of chrysanthemums.

A curious-looking costume, which was not without its effects, was worn at the "coming-out tea" mentioned above. The

dress was of black velvet cut in severely simple fashion "en princesse" and having a cape of white broadcloth stitched with gold. A wide broadcloth belt with plain gold buckle and a band of white broadcloth around the skirt just below the hips, fastened on the left side with another plain gold buckle, completed the costume.

Short women are to have their innings this winter.

MUSIC'S CHARMS.

"What makes you think Miss Howls is not fond of music?"

"Well, one reason is that she sings whenever she is invited."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Music Teacher—From your daughter's voice, madame, I can not promise that she will be a great prima donna.

Mme. Gammon—Oh, I am so sorry.

Music Teacher—But do not despair, madame, I observe that she has a fearful temper.—Chicago Record.

"How about the new neighbors; do you think much of them?"

"Well, I should say we do; they have three dogs and a piano, how can we forget them for a minute?"—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

She is one of those very matter-of-fact girls.

"How are you getting along with your music?" asked the young man, who was calling on her.

"Well," she answered, "of course it wouldn't be proper for me to compliment myself, but some of the neighbors have told me that they have stayed awake at night for hours listening to my playing."

And she smiled in a self-approving way that was sweet to behold.—Washington Star.

SPARE THE BIRDS.

A Protest Aguinst Their Wanton Destruction.

An American dealer sold last year two million bird skins. All were used for ornamenting women's attire. Women ought to cry down this vanity that feeds and pampers the destruction of the feathered tribes. The birds sacrificed are, of course, those of the richest plumage, and, of course, also, those that will be least easily replaced.

In fact, if this thing continues American bird life of the genuine order will pretty soon become extinct. Is not the warfare the American Humane Society has opened upon the bird-skin traffic wholly justifiable? We think so. The destruction referred to contributes not one whit to human need or human comfort. It adds nothing to the intellectual, nothing to the mental. It is simply wantonness practiced at the beck of fashion, and as silly and meaningless a fashion, too, as ever was spawned from the brain of a man milliner.

There are birds in plenty that shed their plumage to supply the vain demand for flaming headgear. Why should the fashion monarchs be inexorable, and also demand the bodies of our feathered songsters?

THE OLD MAID.

She now admits, with many pangs,
She's dead as in a casket;
That's why on New Year's Day she hangs
Outside her door a basket.
—Judge.

An Echo of the Briggs Trial.

A month ago, at a meeting of the New York presbytery, a resolution was introduced to the effect that no student in Union seminary could be licensed to preach. A week ago, at its last session, this iron-clad rule was amended, after a two hours' discussion. Second thought seemed best. The presbytery concluded that it had no right to put in safe where a student should pursue his studies. His personal liberty was something that must be recognized. The resolutions as finally adopted recommend that students for the ministry, applying to be taken under its (the presbytery's) care, should not pursue their theological studies in any seminary disapproved by the General assembly. This leaves the students of Union, present and prospective, free to do as they please.

Impertinence of the Parson.

A Chicago clergyman having performed the marriage ceremony for a couple undertook to write out the usual certificate, but being in doubt as to the day of the month, he said:

"This is the ninth, is it not?"

"Why, parson," said the blushing bride, "you do all my marrying, and you ought to remember that this is only the fifth."—Texas Siftings.

Enlightened Philanthropy.

Primus—Jobson is a philanthropist.

Secundus—What does he do?

Primus—He's so sorry for poor children who have no Christmas that he spends the year telling them that Santa Claus is a myth.—Puck.

A Mystery Explained.

Giles—How did Cobwigger come to fill up his diary in three days?

Merritt—He had a bad cold and he began copying down the cure his friends gave him.—Judge.

THE TWO GRIEFS.

She smiles as if a merry dream had passed
her;
The gold-red locks that frame her girlish
head
Leap with warm life to meet the fire's
bold kisses;
And she is dead!

Dry-eyed and haggard, hard with hopeless
sorrow,
The mother sits, her warm heart turned
to lead;
The child has been her life, her soul, her
sunshine;
And she is dead.

Close to the casement creeps a trembling
woman,
Sees the white maiden smiling on her
bed;
"O God!" she groans. "If my child were
but lying
Sickless—and dead!"
—Margaret Gilman George, in Lippincott's.

THE BARGAIN FAD.

When It Strikes a Woman True Economy Goes to the Wall.

This is the way with a woman. She will go without rubbers and economize on flannels. She will save on her down-town luncheons and walk holes in her shoes rather than waste money on car fare. She will launder her handkerchiefs in her own room, rinsing them in the wash-basin and pasting them on the mirror to dry. They will be soapy and smelly and horrid, but she will use them heroically, borne up by the knowledge that she has saved half a dollar out of the weekly laundry bill, says the Chicago Post.

She will deny herself the pleasure of having the dress which she really needs, though she has the cloth all ready and waiting, simply because the dressmaker charges so much. She will renounce correspondence because stationery and stamps, you know, really run away with a good deal of money. She will make a martyr of herself, and talk about it, and glory in it, until every young man who knows her (and who isn't old enough to understand) will think what a heroic little thing she is to battle with the odds of poverty.

And then, brave and demure in her threadbare cloth gown, she happens across a bargain counter, and mortgages her salary for a month buying impossible gauzes; things that won't wash nor wear, nor keep one warm; things that must be made over stiff and crinkling silk and trimmed with velvet or ribbons or lace, and then are only fit for a festal garb. And the young woman knows that she cannot afford either the "trimmings" or the "making," and she really does not know what she would do with the frocks if she could afford them.

So she lays the fragile, useless, shining gauzes away in orris powder at the bottom of a trunk and talks some more about her poverty. And her conscience doesn't trouble her at all. Why? Oh, because the things that she bought were cheap!

METEORITES IN IOWA.

Two Brilliant Falls in the Last Twenty Years.

Two remarkable meteorites have fallen in Iowa within the last twenty years. February 12, 1875, an exceedingly brilliant meteor, in the form of an elongated horseshoe, was seen throughout a region of at least 400 miles in length and 250 in breadth, lying in Missouri and Iowa. It is described as "without a tail, but having a flowing jacket of flame. Detonations were heard so violent as to shake the earth and to jar the windows like the shock of an earthquake," as it fell about 10:30 p. m. a few miles east of Marengo, Iowa. The ground, for the space of some seven miles in length by two to four miles in breadth, was strewn with fragments of this meteor, varying in weight from a few ounces to seventy-four pounds.

On May 10, 1879, a large and extraordinary luminous meteor exploded with terrific noise, followed at slight intervals with less violent detonations, and struck the earth in the edge of a ravine near Estherville, Emmet county, Iowa, penetrating to the depth of fourteen feet. Within two miles other fragments were found, one of which weighed 170 pounds, and another 32 pounds. The principal mass weighed 431 pounds. All the discovered parts aggregated about 640 pounds. The one of 170 pounds is now in the cabinet of the State University of Minnesota. The composition of this aerolite is peculiar in many respects; but, as in nearly all aerolites, there is a considerable proportion of iron and nickel.—Iowa State Register.

A SONG OF TROUBLE.

Little bit of a fellow—
Couldn't get him to sleep;
And the mother sighed as he tossed and cried:
"He's such a trouble to keep!"
Little bit of a fellow—
Couldn't get him to sleep!

Little bit of a fellow—
But the eyes of the mother weep;
For one sad night that was lost to light,
God smiled and kissed him to sleep—
Little bit of a fellow.

And he wasn't a trouble to keep!
—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

UNHAPPY HUSBANDS.

Clerk—I suppose, you want a parrot that can talk, don't you?

Customer—Oh, no; it's for my wife, and it wont have any chance to speak.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

"Things do change," said Mr. Sinnickle, as he prepared a check to hand to his wife. "Before we were married she enjoyed my letters. Now, she doesn't take much interest in anything but my signature."—Washington Star.

"It's queer about Jaywink never taking his wife out into society any more."

"Well, no, it isn't; his doctor told him he should not take anything that disagreed with him."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

"I guess there must be some mistake about Griggs having been married five or six years."

"Why do you think so?"

"Why, he looked really pleased when his wife came into the office."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

He Might Live Too Long.

Old Hardcash—Yes, Miss Youngthing has given me some encouragement; at least she hasn't refused me. She says she first wishes to see my family Bible. I presume she wants to make sure that I am no older than I say.

Friend—No, she doesn't.

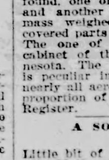
"Eh? Then what can she want?"

"She wants to see if you come of a long-lived family."—New York Weekly.

Penny-in-the-Slot Gas.

A Liverpool hotel has put in some penny-in-the-slot gas fires. The system is applied to the gas supply so that a fire in the grate can be turned on when needed. The experiment has been tried in one bed room for twelve months, and the machines are now to be put into every bedroom in the hotel.

FREE! A Hunting Case, 14 K. Solid Gold Filled Elgin Style Watch—Stem Wind, Stem Set. Warranted 20 years. Regular price $50. For a short time this famous Watch is placed at the World. And a Silver Set, Satin Lined Case, containing 6 Knives and 6 Forks, Sterling Silver, Triple Plated, retail value $25. Total $75. READ! We wish to send you 100 10 cent best quality Perfection Cigars in order to introduce same we will send you, Free, Watch and Silver Set as described. Remember, 100 cigars, Watch and Silverware will be sent C. O. D. $8.75. Full examination allowed before you pay one cent. Therefore order quick as you have all to gain and nothing to lose. When ordering, write plainly your full name, nearest express and P. O. address, C. O. D. $8.75. State if you desire Lady's or Gent's Watch.



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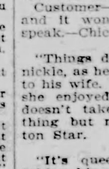

Tarrant's Extract of Cubebs and Copaiba is a safe, certain and quick cure for gonorrhœa and gleet, and is an old-tried remedy for all diseases of the urinary organs. Combining in a highly concentrated form the medicinal virtues of cubebs and copaiba, its portable shape, freedom from taste and speedy action (curing in less time than any other preparation), make it the most valuable known remedy. To prevent fraud, see that every package has a red strip across the face of label, with the signature of Tarrant & Co., N. Y., upon it. Price $1.00. Sold by all druggists.

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$27.50 BUYS A Good Organ.

This is one of the grandest and most liberal offers ever made. You could not buy the same instrument from an agent or a dealer of twice the price. We sell at manufacturer's price—direct from the factory to the home. We can sell lower than any other manufacturer—because we do the largest direct business in the world. You can save from $50 to $200 by buying from us. There is an actual purchaser of a Cornish instrument in every county in the U. S. Write at once for our new Catalogue—FREE to any address. It contains beautiful colored illustrations, accurate descriptions and lowest prices of the latest and finest styles of Organs and Pianos. It will save you many times its weight in gold.

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FOR CASH, OR ON EASY CREDIT.

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**

LOVE MIGHTIER THAN DEATH.

(The following lines were favorite with the late Rev. Dr. Studley. He carried them for many years in his pocket, and used often to repeat them as possessing a peculiar balm for sore and stricken hearts.)

'Tis all a whirl, a dizzy whirl,
And men and women come and go;
'Twas thus when I was but a girl—
Now years have sent their flakes of snow
Upon the locks that erst were brown;
And still I see about the town
The eager faces, and the street
Is thronging still with busy feet.

I hear the sound, I hear the rush,
The trampling, trampling, o'er and o'er;
But in my heart there is a hush,
A pain for steps that come no more;
I listen still to catch the ring,
My own glad foot prepared to spring,
To greet as they approach the door,
The blessed steps that come no more.

But men and boys go in and out,
And merrily the world goes on;
I listen midst the joyous rout
To catch the voices that are gone;
I go about the household cares,
See how the dog or kitten fares,
I sweep the rug or make the bed,
Still thinking, thinking of the dead.

And they? Do they, amid the host
That throng along the golden street,
A moment pause in memory lost—
And listen for our coming feet?
While angels all around rejoice,
Remember they our earthly voice?
O, can those pearly gates above
Shut out from them our yearning love?

Or do they sometimes sit apart,
And ponder on the precious past?
Remember they, with loving heart,
That trembling kiss—it was the last?
They cannot sure forget its thrill;
Its presence lingers round them still,
For 'twas a soul—'twas not a breath—
And love is mightier than death!

—Anon.

HOME TALKS.

ALMOST EVERYBODY HAS A LOVE FOR BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

What Disagreeable Things They Never Do—How They Have Always Been Used—What They Mean.

The love of flowers is almost universal. Of course there are degrees of intensity in that as in everything else, but few indeed are the people, even among the most debased, who do not sometimes stop to admire some exquisite blossom that speaks to them of better things, and inspires for the passing moment, at least, a desire to live a purer life.

Flowers never irritate, are never selfish, never revengeful. Opening out to the beautiful, golden sunlight, with their hearts all aglow with the warmth of the rays which they have caught and imprisoned, they seem sometimes almost ready to burst into song. And perhaps if our ears were better attuned to the vibrations in that finer atmosphere which science says exists, but is not perceivable by the physical senses, we should translate the glorious hues of the myriads of blossoms that crown Nature's greenery with glory, into melody.

There is no question but that this love of flowers is an uplifting, strengthening motive-power wherever it exists. We have all read or known of instances where, perhaps, a single blossom has carried the thought of some wanderer into forbidden paths back to "home and mother" and been the regenerating influence of a whole future. In a description of the slums of London, I think it was, the story was told of finding in one of the most wretched of the apartments where were crowded so many human beings, a beautiful rose blossoming in the one window where a ray of sunshine could enter—blossoming just as brightly and sweetly as if in a conservatory, surrounded by its friends, and given the most tender care. Its presence in those vile environments was a sure indication to the visitors of a greater refinement of living, a stronger tendency to right thought and right action in its owner than existed among the other dwellers in these quarters. And they found it to be so, for it belonged to an old couple whom sickness, accident, and misfortune had brought lower and lower until they had reached this stage of misery. This rose was the one reminder of their happy, former days, and made it possible for them to endure life.

The use of flowers on all occasions is no new thing as the reading of history shows, though in the old, old days they were perhaps employed more upon ceremonial occasions, in the sacred rites of ancient religions than in any other way. It is said that among some peoples, so sacred were certain blossoms held to be, that it was forbidden to even smell them, and they could be handled only by those whose privilege it was to arrange them upon the altar. There are many facts stated to show that they were used most profusely. An old Singhalese chronicle tells that a Ruanwelle pagoda which was 270 feet high was festooned with garlands from the pedestal to the topmost point so that nothing but blossoms were visible. Think of the amount required for this purpose. Another chronicle says that one of the regulations of the temple at Dambedenia was the offering of 100,000 blossoms daily and each day the flower was to be different from that preceding. This was in the thirteenth century.

Macaulay tells how, in the long ago, the Romans used flowers most profusely in their triumphal processions. It was only privileged persons, however, who were permitted to wear festive garlands in public, and there was a law prescribing severe punishment to any one who did so. It seems strange to read that one man who came forth upon the balcony of his house to look down upon the street with a chaplet of roses upon his head, was thrown in prison by order of the Senate and kept there sixteen years! At feasts, however, they could be worn in profusion, and it was the fashion for not only guests, but the waiters to be thus decorated.

At funerals and at weddings flowers have long played a most important part just as they do now, varying of course with fashion. In years agone the bridal boquet was used in England, but not, as now, made up of costly blossoms. Instead the common country garden flowers were the favorites, such as the pansy, maiden-blush and wild rose. Another custom was the wearing by betrothed lovers of the same flower in public in token of their engagement, and we also read of the willow worn by the jilted one, whence comes the term the "wearing of the willow."

Of course there has always been a flower language recognized, a kind of symbolism which tells quite as much as spoken language can convey. Those who have studied this subject carefully relate many interesting things connected with it showing how nearly alike human nature has been in all of the ages, the same loves, the same aspirations, the same longings, the same sorrows, the same regrets.

Civilizations may have different systems of floral signs, but all have communicated thoughts through the varied plant blooms that make the earth so beautiful. It is declared that "the monuments of the old Assyrian and Egyptian races bear upon their venerable surfaces a code of floral telegraphy whose hieroglyphical meaning is veiled, or but dimly guessed at in our day." Very many of the meanings that are given now are simply the product of caprice, and are not really symbolical.

It is interesting to trace the meanings wherever it can be done. For instance, the amaranth is the emblem of immortality, and the name, meaning "never fading," was given to it by the Greeks because the blossoms remain fresh so long. Lovers of Milton will remember that in his description of the angelic multitude which is adoring the Deity, he crowns them all with amaranth, "a flower which once in Paradise, fast by the tree of life, began to bloom." Then there is the sentimental story of the way in which the ivy became the symbol of love and fidelity. A Cornish tradition tells how the beautiful Iseult died of grief for the loss of her lover, the brave Tristan, and the two were buried in the same church, but at a distance from each other by order of the king. Then ivy burst from the tombs of each and grew upwards uniting finally at the roof.

Cypress denotes mourning; the laurel has long been used to tell the story of victory; the myrtle whispers of love, as does the partly opened rose; the balsam means impatience, because its seed-pods curl up at the slightest touch; the wild anemone expresses brevity from the shortness of its blossom's life; the poppy symbolizes sleep and oblivion; the quivering aspen denotes fear; the almond hints haste, while the evening primrose indicates silent, unspoken love; the bramble means both lowliness and remorse, rosemary is a symbol of fond remembrance; the lily is emblematical of purity, and the violet is constancy. So one might go on through the list, finding somewhere a signification for all blossoms.

Setting aside, however, all these symbolical meanings, flowers always carry with them a message that speaks to the heart, and often to the conscience. They are so exquisite in their beauty and fragrance, that their presence brings the higher ideal closer to the consciousness. They seem a promise of an hereafter full of a delight and a glory beyond our power to realize or express. And there is a blessed charity in the bearing of fragrant blossoms to the sick, or to the needy who are shut away from these lovely messengers of all good, for this very reason. Insensibly they lift the thought away from suffering and deprivation into forgetfulness of self, and a real enjoyment of a glorious gift of Nature.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

"Be Good to Yourself."—Sometimes Needs to be Talked Of.

I overheard that remark the other day, as two men parted at a street corner, and it occurred to me that it would be a good heading for a few remarks I want to make, concerning the "Beauty of Selfishness."

There are some women to whom this advice will be superfluous; they are "good to themselves," first, last, and all the time; but there are others, dear, patient unselfish souls, whose disregard for their own comfort and pleasure is so great that I feel constrained to say a word to them.

If one of these women were to look back upon her life for the past year she could not deny that she has used herself worse than she would dream of using any one else.

She has dragged herself out of bed in the morning when she was not fit to stir: "Because it is so lonely for the others if I am not down to breakfast." She has spent whole forenoons in the hot kitchen because "The children like my pies and doughnuts so much better than those the 'girl' makes." She has staid at home to get dinner on Sunday: "Because the girl likes so much to go to church, and she has so few pleasures."

She needs a nap every afternoon and really intends to take it; but "there is this to be done for this one, and that to be done for the other, and after all: "It's a pity to humor one's self so." So the nap is not taken.

When she has had an invitation to go for a drive she has instantly thought of "old Mrs. B.," or "lame Charlie C.," or some other unfortunate, and managed to let them have the pleasure instead of taking it herself.

She has kept in the background when there was anything to be enjoyed; but when a sacrifice was to be made, or an unpleasant duty to be undertaken, she has come forward so willingly and cheerfully that the members of her own family say smiling: "Oh it's no special credit to her, she likes to do such things!"

Now, at the risk of bringing down upon my devoted head the censure of the advocates of pure unselfishness, I say this is not right. No one is called upon to put self always "out of the question." One woman needs fresh air and recreation and rest as much as another, especially if she is the mother of a family, and alack! it is usually the mother who assumes the 'role' I have described.

If unselfishness is such a virtue, and I concede it is, why should not every member of the family practice it? It is a little egotistical, it seems to me, for one to absorb all the merits of it.

"Be good to yourself," dear woman, favor yourself now and then, let some one have the pleasure of helping you occasionally, instead of doing all the kindnesses yourself, and when an opportunity for enjoyment comes to you, improve it; don't always stand aside and give your chance to some one else.

Practice a little wholesome selfishness, and see at the end of the year if there is not a decided improvement, not only in your health and strength, but in the manners and morals of your family as well.

HOUSEHOLD CORRESPONDENCE.

On Choosing "The Better Part"—Spiritual vs. Material.

In reading the Household, I so often notice how much more interest is manifested by the writers in material work than in our spiritual existence. God is all in all, and if we understand this to be true, why not seek to know him better? If you are sad, remember God is your joy; if you are worried, remember God brings us peace; if you are sick, "God is the health of your countenance." Let us learn the truth of being, that we may be able to lead our brothers and sisters out of this dream of sickness and death, into their God-given heritage of health, peace and joy. The Bible is full of God's healing power; then why do we ignore that power, and trust to material remedies when sick? Jesus is our example, and He never taught us anything but to trust God in all ways. Surely His mission on earth was not to teach a few disciples the right way, and then to leave the rest of the world in darkness and doubt; but He said, "These signs shall follow all them that believe" (or understand)—Mark 16th chap., 17th and 18th verses. I hope to hear from some interested ones on this subject, which should mean so much to each and every one of us.—A. M. W.

Some Sound Advice for "Ella G."

Ella G.:—Now is the time in your life when you can be very useful; with your help and love, your husband may more than redeem his property. You can do your own housework and not be a slave, if you have sufficient judgment to go ahead. It is your duty, as a wife, to help your husband, and to take care of the children. Don't send them to your mother; she has raised her family, and you should raise yours. It will certainly be a comfort to you when you grow old to know your children are intelligent and useful. Stay with your family; do your own work, and part of your husband's, if possible; keep those dear little feet in the path of virtue; live the life of a noble Christian wife; be content with the blessings you have; pray for strength to help you fight life's battles, loving and trusting Him in prosperity as in adversity; and you will certainly have no reason to say your life has been spoiled.—Ida J.

Grant Them the Opportunity.

I suppose that one reason why women spend so much time at fancy work is because they do not like to be idle, and fashion or fancy suggests so many pretty things they can manufacture to adorn their homes while they are resting, as rest with the most of them means only a change of labor. But why are they not posted on current events? Until we have "political equality" with men, "matters relating to the government of our own state and county" will prove but poor food for our mental digestion to assimilate, for it will seem to us like wasting so much valuable time upon that which will never be of any benefit to us. But "M. E.," if the purity and sanctity of our homes and firesides depended upon our own ballots how long think you, would we remain uninformed? Woman may be called weak or weak minded in times of safety, but she knows and fears no danger and no obstacle where her dearest ones are depending upon her for safety.—Nellie.

"Barkis is Willin'."

It seems to me that the young ladies have been having a long inning with no outs. I wonder when the boys will have a chance? We have read all about the model man that they are seeking, and almost everything else pertaining to rights and privileges, the money question, etc. Now in view of the fact, that we are approaching a time when we will have universal suffrage, would it not be well for some of them to write tariff articles, or silver debates, or immigration laws? I, for one, am willing to grant them anything they want.

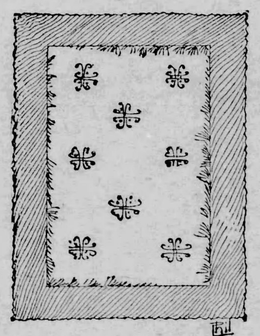
For fear "us boys" have not our innings yet, I will stop by asking why it would not be a fine thing to have a family reunion of all of the Householders next summer at Lakeside, or some other place and have a good family chat? Can't we develop this idea into a grand affair?—W. L Harbaugh.

FOR YOUR LEISURE HOURS.

Some Pretty Things to Make Home More Beautiful.

Library Table Cover.

This is made just large enough for the top of the table that stands either in the library or the family sitting room. The center part is made of satin as shown and this may be either black or whatever color suits



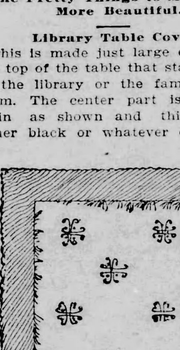
best with the scheme of coloring in the room. Embroider this with conventional figures arranged regularly. Hem the satin piece to felt which has been pinked around the edges. Put fine cord over the edge of the satin, to conceal the hemming.

Ring Needle Book.

This pattern was given some time ago in The Blade but in order to accommodate later subscribers it is given again. Have 14 rings about three-fourths of an inch in diameter. The rim is covered with stitches in double crochet, set as thickly as possible, and the ring filled in with a wheel of the long crochet stitch, the seven rings are then sewed together in a hexagon cluster—six surrounding a central ring. Several folds of flannel overcast on the edge, are laid between sides of the book, for holding the needles, and the sides are fastened together with narrow ribbons, a long loop at the top, and ends to be tied in a bow at the bottom. Beautiful needle-books are in fresh rose, moss-green, ciel blue, maize, and orange colors. Gros-grain ribbon, half an inch wide, is thought proper for the finishing of these needle-books.

Pretty Hand Bag.

Bags seem never to lose their popularity nor will they be likely to do so as long as the present dearth of pockets continue. This one is made of very broad ribbon. It needs a half-yard, of this and three yards of a No. 7 ribbon of some harmonizing shade. First sew some fancy galloon or passamenterie through the center



of the ribbon after it has been run together. Then baste the lining in and gather the whole at the bottom. Put in three or four rows of gathering at the top, having a strong elastic going through the last running. Edge the top with a wide lace frill and put one at the bottom also. Have a bow and ends of the narrow ribbon at the side, and make strings of this also tied together at the top.

Tea-Pot Holder.

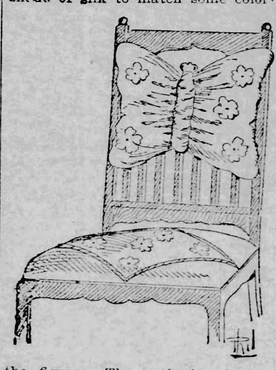
Cast on 40 stitches with red Saxony yarn. Knit across eight times in plain garter stitch, then knit six stitches of red, four of white, four of red, four white and so on till across, knitting the last six stitches of red. Knit six of red, then purl the red and white squares so they will be all right side out. After knitting four times across change the squares and knit the red above the white and white above the red. Continue in this way until you have knit it nine squares long, then knit eight rows of red as at the beginning and bind off. Crochet any little edge out of the white and it is done. Be sure to knit the edge garter stitch. Any other colors can be used.

Knitted Slippers.

For a person that wears a No. 3 or 4 shoe cast on 44 stitches of gray German knitting yarn. Use rather large needles and knit rather loose. Knit two and seam two until about an inch long, then knit in a stripe of blue about the same width. Then knit of the gray about one and one half fingers long, then knit in a blue and gray stripe to match the beginning, and bind off looseiy, fold the ends together and sew up the sides. Crochet a shell scallop around the top of the blue. When on the foot one seam should be on top of the foot and the other on the heel. Add a bow of blue ribbon on the toe, and run in a rubber cord, or cord made of the yarn around the top. It looks like anything but a slipper until on the foot. Other colors can be used.—Genius.

Butterfly Chair Scarf.

For those who still admire these ornaments for chairs this one is very pretty. Get a piece of figured India silk a little longer than the chair is wide. Use the width to gather through the center as shown. The silk should be lined by some delicate shade of silk to match some color in



the figures. The gathering is made in two rows and then sewed to a piece of stiffening an inch wide. This forms a puff to represent the body of the butterfly. Sew loops of cord at two corners of the wings to fasten it to the chair.

INFORMATION GIVEN.

Also Several Things That People Ask to Know.

Martin:—A tea made from the dried roots of elecampane, which can be procured at any druggist's, if drank freely, will relieve your rheumatism.—H. C. S.

To Graft a Cactus.—I had a "pear" cactus, a strong, sturdy plant, bearing a lemon-colored flower; in one of the pear-shaped sections I made an incision 1 inch deep and 1 inch long, and into this inserted a cion from a "knife-blade" cactus. The cion was 4 inches long, and I inserted it 1 inch, painting the cut surface freely with melted grafting wax put on when quite warm with a camel's hair brush, afterwards setting the plant in a shady place and watering freely for a few days.—Henry S. Pasko.

To Renovate Black Veils or Lace.—Make a very weak solution of gum arabic, lay the lace on a smooth surface and apply the gum water with a sponge, being careful to have the article sponged, perfectly straight and even; let it remain untouched for 24 hours.—Lacemaker.

Fred.—To prevent hair from falling out the following remedy has been found beneficial: 1-2 pt. strong sage tea; 1-4 pt. rock salt; 1-4 pt. whisky. Procure ten cents worth of dried sage, add 1 1-4 pts. cold water, cover and steep very slowly until the liquid is reduced to 1-2 pt.; strain through cheese cloth into a bottle, add the salt, cork the bottle tightly, and shake frequently to dissolve the salt. When the tea is cold, add the whisky. This should be used every day for a week, shaking well before using; after the first week use every other day for three weeks. To apply it, part the hair, and wet the roots well by means of a sponge. The hair should be well dried before retiring.—H. C. S.

To take ink stains out of furniture touch them with spirits of salt applied with a sponge tied to a stick. Wash the spots immediately with vinegar.—John Zimmermann.

To Keep Suet.—Pull off the skin or membrane, from fresh suet, sprinkle salt upon it, tie it up in a cool, dry place, and it will keep sweet the year around.—"Farmeress."

Information Wanted.

Please suggest a number of subjects, historical and imaginative, for a graduating essay.—Bess.

Would like to learn of the origin of the Christmas tree.—Mary Quirk.

The origin of the Christmas tree was explained in The Blade of Saturday, December 23, 1893, in the editorial sheet.—Ed.

What would be an appropriate inscription for a Bible to be given to a young man?—Jennie Locke.

I wish to start a garden of herbs this summer. Will some one tell me which kind are the most salable, and something about their culture?—Poppy Seed.

Will some one tell me of a good preparation for mending broken china?—Leona.

Is it possible to straighten crossed eyes without a surgical operation?—Grandmother.

MOTHER KNOWS.

On some far heights beyond my mortal eye,
She waits and watches all these lonely days,
And does she, list'ning, hear my longing cry?
And still in calmness go her peaceful ways?

The mother love within her heart must leap
As erst it leapt thro' all my length'ning years
'Twould not be heaven if mother's love could sleep,
And not reach forth to wipe away these tears.

And yet I call and silence answers me,
Nor hand nor voice responds unto my own,
The void shall reach to all eternity,
Until the spirit knows as it is known.

But slowly thro' my anguish something steals,
A subtle, all-pervading sense of peace,
A knowledge, deeper than my own, that heals
And gives the writhing agony surcease.

He knows, at least, the crooked lines of life,
And marks their aims, and smiles to see
How devious all these paths of bitter strife,
And what and where their happy end shall be.

She walks with Jesus, humbly taught by Him,
To see the sun beyond the shadow land;
And I, to whom her light is blurred and dim,
Shall sometime, through her knowledge, understand.

—Birch Arnold in the Charlotte Tribune.

RECIPES.

The Cook Gives a "Candy Pull" for Her Readers.

Lemon Candy.

Two cupfuls white sugar, 1 cupful water, 1-2 cupful vinegar. Boil until it "brittles" in cold water, turn into shallow pans, and "pull" as soon as it is cool enough to handle. Flavor before pouring out with lemon.

Chocolate Caramels.

Boil together for 20 minutes, 1 cupful molasses, 1 cupful sugar, 1 cupful chocolate, 1-2 cupful milk. When nearly done add a piece of butter the size of an egg, and flavor with vanilla. Drop a little in water to try if it is done. Stir a few minutes and pour into buttered tins. When not quite cold, mark into little squares with the back of a knife.

Butter Scotch.

Nine tablespoonfuls coffee sugar, 3 tablespoonfuls molasses, 2 tablespoonfuls water, 1 tablespoonful butter. Boil slowly, without stirring much, until brittle, when you drop into cold water; then pour on buttered tins, cut in squares when cool.

Molasses Candy.

Two cupfuls molasses, 2 cupfuls extra C sugar, boil over a moderate fire until it is quite brittle, when dropped in water; just before taking it up add a small piece of butter and 1 teaspoonful soda, and pull as rapidly as possible. Cut with scissors, into finger lengths or inch pieces.

Cream or "French Candies."

Take the white of 1 egg, and the same quantity of cold water, stir into it 1 lb. of confectioner's sugar. Knead it like dough, make into balls for chocolate creams; cover almond meats with it, or roll it into flat bars and pressed chopped nut meats or raisins into it.

The Household cook intends to cater to the "sweet tooth" of her friends this week regardless of the fact that "we all know puddings and cakes and desserts are unwholesome." We are sure this crisp, winter weather will counteract any bad effects arising from "riotious living"—at any rate we shall risk it.

Firstly, Mrs. Rice's Pork Cake.

1 lb fat salt pork, chopped very fine; 1 cupful boiling water, poured over the pork; 1 lb raisins, 1 lb currants, 1-2 lb citron chopped fine, 2 ozs. each of cloves, cinnamon and allspice, 1 nutmeg, 1 cupful brown sugar, 1 pt. New Orleans molasses, 3 teaspoonfuls soda, 5 eggs. Make up two weeks before using.—Mrs. Rice.

As the quantity of flour required is omitted in this recipe, the cook suggests that the rule given in the next recipe be followed in both cases.

Pork Cake No. 2.

1 lb fat salt pork chopped very fine; pour over it 1 pt. very strong boiling coffee; add 2 cupfuls sugar, 1 cupful molasses, 1 large teaspoonful of soda, 1 teaspoonful each of cloves and cinnamon, 1 nutmeg, 1-2 cupful sliced citron, 1 lb raisins, 1 lb currants; flour enough so it will not "fall." Bake in a slow oven.

Nut Cake—Very Nice.

2 cupfuls sugar, 1 cupful butter, 3 cupfuls flour, 1 cupful cold water, 4 eggs, 1 teaspoonful soda, 2 teaspoonfuls cream tartar, 2 cupfuls English walnuts. Cream the butter and sugar, add the well-beaten eggs, then the flour, into which the soda and cream tartar are sifted; finally add the water and nuts.

A Nice Tea Cake.

1 cupful of sugar, 1 teaspoonful butter, 2 eggs, beat to foam; 1 even teaspoonful soda, and 2 of cream tartar, 1-2 cupful water, 1 2-3 cupfuls flour. Nice for Washington pies, with whipped cream or other filling.

Filling for Cake.

1-2 cupful sugar, white of 1 egg, a very little water in the sugar, 1 cupful stoned raisins or figs, chopped fine.

Boiled Frosting.

2 cupfuls sugar, 1 cupful milk, boil 12 or 15 minutes, then beat until thick enough to put on without running. Flavor with vanilla.

Railroad Cake.

Break two eggs into a cup, fill up with sweet cream, 1 cupful sugar, 1-2 teaspoonful soda and 1 of cream tartar, little salt and nutmeg, a little more than 1 1-2 cupfuls flour.

OUR "SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT"

Gives Some Hints for Church Workers.

Really successful and satisfactory church work cannot of course be done without putting into it the same brain, the same eager heart that one devotes to one's own work. Energy, perseverance, promptness, large views, the purest honesty, untiring faithfulness, and especially tact are necessary.

A good president is not one who goes on and resolutely does most of the work herself, but the one who, after mapping out the work with all its details, with wisdom and tact carefully selects the persons to do it, interesting the largest number possible, making it their work, as Christ commanded "Be ye fishers of men."

There are always in families, outside the church, children—attractive, well-dressed and graceful—who have ability to sing or read or make fancy work well, and who will be pleased to use these talents. Draw in the children and the parents will follow.

There may be in the town some professional man, a fine reader or writer, who will accept a courteous invitation to give a number on a programme, and while giving prestige to the affair will gain an influence for good.

Where refreshments are served, be sure they are always first-class and liberal in supply. Let the society be noted for promptness in settling accounts; the treasurer should always do this the next day without fail. Never offer articles for sale at a price above their value. Extortion at church fairs is a stinging reproach to Christianity.

For a social, in addition to the hearty public invitation, our secretary sends out many special postals by mail, or more elaborate cards by messenger. If at a house, the hostess spends much time in making friendly calls and giving invitations. Especially invite strangers, those who are poor, lonely, sensitive—make them feel they are wanted—feel at home. In conclusion, "whatever things are of good report," that tend to make people happier and holier, of these things let our church societies be shining examples.

A Toboggan Social.

One of these last week called called out 500 people. It was held at a country house perched on the top of a long and broad hill. A bob-sled and stone-boat accommodated a good number at one time. Managed by careful men, no accidents occurred. Hot oysters were served in the house.—Hazel Brown.

THE MERRY GO ROUNDS.

Another Musician Heard From.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—May I step in and take a seat by Cecelia Fulton? I, too, like music and hope to become a good musician. Am fond of good reading and painting; my favorite study is history. In answer to "Kathleen," I waould say I am 17 years old and a veteran's daughter. As the model young man has been described by several, why not have a description of the model young woman? Let us hear from "Dashing Dot" and "Blanche Evelyn" on the subject.—Hilda.

A New "Point of Order" Raised.

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—I think, with "Aveline," that our "present duties" concern us more than anything else at the present time, and we shall find it so through life. We sometimes make sad mistakes by trying to "cross a bridge before we get to it." My duties, for the present, are pursuing my school studies and helping mother to do the housework.

I hope "Minnie" and others will give us the benefit of their experience in the school-room. "Pussy Prairie," my idea of an ideal girl is this: She should be polite, intelligent, educated, refined, industrious, keep good company or none, be kind and obedient to parents and teachers, and, above all, a true Christian. I think the same rule would apply to a young man.

Now, girls, do you think that we ought to associate with young ladies of immoral character, even if they are our schoolmates? —Thena.

A New Comer Answers "Esmeralda."

Dear Merry-Go-Rounds:—As this is my first visit, it may not be out of place for me to name my favorite author. It is James Fennimore Cooper. Where is there another who can draw such beautiful landscapes and enchanting woodland scenery? I agree with Thena, that we should have some purpose in life. I am 18 years old, and am studying to be a music teacher, being very fond of music.

"Esmeralda," "a young man teaching in a strange neighborhood, who stands well in society," is surely a safe person to go with, but be certin of his social standing. Personally, I will not receive attentions from any young man who uses liquor or tobacco in any form. Dancing, I think, is a pleasant pastime, unless carried to excess.—Wild Sunflower.

Red Rosie Will be a Dressmaker.

Is there room in the "Merry Go Round" for me? I agree with "Water Lily" and "Frances," that we should try and make our corner as interesting as possible. I am very fond of reading, and enjoy Longfellow and Browning. How many of you have read "Home Influence," by Grace Aguilar? A good many of you speak of your "beau ideal" being perfect; now girls do not look for an angel in disguise; there are very few men faultless. Are all the girls school teachers? I intend to be a dressmaker. I am 17 years old and a soldier's daughter.—Red Rosie.

An Apt Suggestion.

Will a little Hoosier girl be welcome in the Merry Go Round circle? I find that "Delayne" and I agree in many ways. I believe, with her, that Bertha M. Clays' books, however popular, are not the best we could read. My favorite books are "Jane Eyre," "Ivanhoe," "Little" Women" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin." And I have read quite as many books as she, since I was 11 years old; although I am but 17 now. I will leave the boys to the tender (?) mercies of the other Merry Go Rounds, as that subject is of no interest to me; and I think it would be much better if we would try to be model girls, before attempting to reform young men. Let us hear from you again, "Delayne."—Ottile Ustagua.

"Charity Toward All."

May I come in? Please let me sit by Ann Amelia, as I particularly admire her letters.

I do not see how any one can expect a young man, or lady either, for that matter, to be such a pink of perfection. Every one has their failings, and we should tolerate other's faults in view of the fact that others can see our weaknesses quite as plainly as we can observe theirs. I am not much of a lover of Dickens's works. He writes too much of the dark side of life; I think we should utilize our opportunity for reading, in storing our minds with thoughts which excite our lives to higher and nobler spheres of actions.—Lurley.

"Physician, Heal Thyself."

May I join the Merry Go Round, and sit by you Blanche Evelyn? But possibly you will not agree with my doctrine. So I will take a seat by myself. Since I read the letters to the Merry Go Round, I thought of that verse in the Bible which says that many persons "try to pluck out the mote in their brother's eye and behold a beam in their own." I have wondered if this is not our condition, and if it wouldn't be better to remodel ourselves instead of remodeling the boys. It is said that others are influenced by our conduct; if this be true, I think if we let them alone and try to make ourselves better that in a short time they will see the change and profit by our example. What do you think girls? Are you all against me or some for me? Do any of you like to study algebra?—Iris.

SANCTITIES.

Hold sacred thy friendships, in dignity and reserve.

Hold sacred thy friend, as an altar to which the common or unclean thing shall be brought.

Hold sacred his thought and his affections, his needs and their fulfilment.

Be as hospitable to his thoughts as to him. Never criticise in a carping spirit; but only seek to investigate the subject with him.

Extend thy hospitality—which, in all ages, has been held a sacred thing—to all whom he holds dear, and to all his endeavors and aims.

Hold sacred thy body, as a temple of the Most High—that is, of the highest aspirations and holiest resolves and loftiest dedication.

Does aught unclean or bestial harmonize with such? Does aught mercenary seem fitting in the gates of this Temple?

Hold sacred thy mind, as the most exquisite tool of thy soul. Sweep it clean with the winds from most high places, so that the chaff shall be winnowed from the wheat.

Thy soul is eternally sacred, and thy whole being "a harp of a thousand strings," played upon by airs divine. Keep it attuned to high harmonies, a fitting instrument of the divine realities.

Ye whose lives are sordid, who live by oppressing your brothers—whose brothers rise early that you may lie late—behold your soul! Behold how the bright and glorious creature walketh in rags and traileth its garments in the mire. Behold how its face is bent earthward, when it should reflect the light of heaven! Is this fitting? Take thought of its poor estate, and clothe it in justice and mercy. Guard its glory from the mud. Hold it sacred.

Hold sacred thy life. Hold it up as a chalice to everlasting fountains. Then every word and act will flow forth, shining with purity and power. Hold sacred thy sleep, that it be not a bestial stupor—and the hour of waking, heavy and depressed.—Lessons of The Days.

TABLE DECORATIONS.

Some Novelties for Luncheons and Dinners Suggested.

Sometimes the most striking table decorations are those on which least money has been expended. Not long ago a woman, whose modest ambition it was to give a dinner in which red candle-shades and Jacqueminot roses should figure largely, found herself financially unable to attain the roses. She cudgeled her brains for awhile, and finally devised a centerpiece of malden-hair ferns—the pots set in a low basket wound with glowing red ribbons about the handles and the base. The effect was even more charming than the roses would have been, for the feathery green made a restful spot in the glare of red.

Another wise dinner-giver once longed for decorations of costly white and red roses. But she thought the matter over for awhile and became convinced that the red and white of some less costly blossom would suffice. So she arranged a groundwork of white carnations, which were not dear, and combined with them glossy red berries and glossy green leaves, which her small son procured from the woods.

It was a youthful genius named Belle who gave a luncheon the other day which was a great success. From the chandelier above the table a bell of small, pale pink blossoms was suspended. Bell-shaped flower glasses of pale-green glass held the table flowers. The candles were shaded by "folly" shades—little affairs of pale pink crepe paper, with narrow pink ribbons hanging down loosely over the shades, each ribbon tipped with a tiny bell.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

ABED.

When the flowers hear a call,
"Darlings, you must go to sleep,"
Or they drop their pretty gowns,
Softly into bed they creep.
Do you know what keeps them warm
Through the cold and wind and storm?

Just as mamma tucks you in
When she kisses you good night,
So the flowers are nestled down
'Neath a blanket, snowy white.
But first a coverlet is spread
Over every sleepy head—

A pretty coverlet of brown,
With leafy patterns fanciful,
And over that the blanket fine,
Soft as cloud-land's softest wool.
Under these the sleeping flowers
Dream away the winter hours.
—Anna M. Pratt, in Youth's Companion.

PHILIP'S SUCCESS, OR WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

One morning a bright-faced, ragged boy of about ten years came to my door. Mittie, who had answered the bell, called to me, "Do come and see what a comic little fellow is here."

When I reached the door, there he stood, trying to produce sound from what he called a fiddle, which was of his own construction. It consisted of a few bent sticks tied together with twine, and a bent piece of brass wire for the bow. By hard work, now and then, a little squeaking noise would come from it; then his blue eyes beamed with delight.

I said: "What is your name?"

"Philip," he answered, but added, "The boys call me Phil."

"Have you a father and mother?" I asked.

"Yes, ma'm," he replied. "Father says we must start out early. 'Can't have any idlers in these rooms.'"

"What did your mother say?" I inquired.

"Mother's nice," he evasively remarked.

"Have you brothers and sisters?" I continued.

"Yes, ma'm," he responded. "Lots of 'em, but I ain't got much else."

I gave him for his music two pennies, for which he seemed greatly pleased.

"They will buy," he murmured to himself.

"Buy what?" I asked.

"You see I want to earn money to buy a few bouquets to sell on the street," he continued.

"Oh, you are going into business, are you?"

"Yes, ma'm" was the response.

Several days after, in passing through the hall I heard Mittie saying at the door: "Now, go away, and don't come here any more."

Then a little voice said: "Please can't I see the mistress?"

I looked around and there were those blue eyes looking straight at me. I went to him, and he showed me with pride his card of flowers. He had arranged them on a piece of cardboard, in imitation of those he had seen on the street, and it was a fit companion piece to the fiddle. He had earned money to buy six small bouquets, and he told me they cost him less than three cents apiece, and he expected to sell them for five cents each.

He often came to the door afterwards, but Mittie did not send him away again; she became greatly interested in the young flower merchant's success, and I think sent him many customers.

Once when a number of friends were in the parlor, she brought him in to obtain sale for his flowers. He stood and viewed everything, then said: "If ever I git money I'll git things jist like these, and give them to mother."

"But," said Mittie, "you came in to sell flowers," which seemed to bring him back to business again.

Some months before, when Mittie came to assist me with general household affairs, she told me her name was Bridget Catharine. After a short time she asked me if she might be called Mittie. I said, "Why?"

She replied, "Now, since I live in America I want to be like the Americans, and they most end their names with ie."

I thought it was easy to make that change if it would make her happier, and it was decidede to call her Mittie.

Late one Saturday evening Philip came to the house with a small faded bouquet for each member of the family, evidently from stock left over. "I wanted to give you something," he said, "and this was all I had." He seemed pleased at the gift, and we were pleased at the spirit in which it was given, if the value was small. Philip's flowers increased in quantity and quality, and he was quite a prosperous business man.

One day I had been to see a friend and was returning quite late in the evening, when Philip came to me. He said, "Ain't you afraid? I will walk home with you. It will not be much out of my way."

"Do you live near here?" I asked.

"No, mam, but it was rather late when we shut up to-night, and then I had to go on an errand for mother."

"What are you doing now?" I asked.

"You see," he replied, "I have hired a basement window in Baxter street and my sister sells flowers, while I carry them about. I go to night school now one hour every evening. I'll know how to read yet. If I once git started, I can learn myself a good deal."

We had now come to my home and I thanked him for his kindness. He raised his hat and bade me good-night as politely as any boy of polished manners might have done, and went whistling down the street. He was then about ten years old.

I did not see Philip for some time after that, but going into the market one day to buy preserving fruit, I met him. "If you buy fruit to-day," he said, "I'd like to take it home for you."

"How can you?" I asked. "I may buy several kinds."

"I have a wheelbarrow now," he replied, "and brother Dick watches it

while I go and get things. It is out on the corner. They won't let me bring it in when the market is crowded."

"Where did you get your wheelbarrow?"

"Bought an old one and mended it myself. It didn't cost much money."

"But what have you done with the flower business?"

"Given it to my sister," he answered. I made my purchases and Philip was prompt to take charge of the baskets. I observed that he was a favorite with the market men, often doing some little act of kindness for them. If a whip dropped he would run to pick it up. If a poor woman was trying to cross the street with a heavy basket he would help her over, and many other little acts of thoughtfulness to lighten others' burdens. Those blue eyes seemed to take in everything. Now and then one would speak gruffly to him if he chanced to cross his path. It is said, "there is a soft spot in every man's nature," and so there is.

I followed the boys as they came with the fruit. When nearly home, three little roughs came up. "See here, give us some fruit," said one. "Give us some of them air peaches," said another, and they began pulling at the covers of the baskets.

"Let them alone," said Philip, but they did not heed his order. He stopped, doubled up his fist, and sent the other reeling in the gutter; the others ran away. He then started on with his load as though nothing had happened. After that not a word passed between him and his brother. They reached my home and safely delivered the freight.

Philip's market business seemed to prosper, and I was surprised when going out one morning I saw him standing on the corner near my house with a satchel in his hand, evidently ready for a journey. When I came to him he said, "I am going West. I thought I should like to tell you."

"Going West, and alone?" I said.

"Yes ma'am. I have an uncle in the West, but I don't exactly know where," he added.

"Then how will you find him? The West is a large place to look over," I said.

"It won't matter much whether I find him or

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

M'KINLEY'S INAUGURAL.

AN IMPOSING OVATION AT COLUMBUS ON MONDAY.

The Governor's Inaugural Address Delivered at the West Front of the Capitol to an Immense Throng—Scenes and Incidents of the Day—Where Will McKinley's Next Inauguration Take Place?—Swearing in State Officers.

Columbus, O., Jan. 8.—(Staff correspondence to The Blade.)—The weather to-day is in perfect harmony with the 80,000 Republican plurality given Governor McKinley last November. The air is as clear and pure as the record and principles of the great Republican party. No Ohio governor from the days of old Edward Tiffin down to the present had a brighter inauguration day than had Governor McKinley to-day, and if the weather is in any way indicative of his term of office and his future political career he can retire to-night feeling there are yet greater triumphs for him.

Columbus was awake early this morning. The night trains brought in several hundred strangers. The Third battalioon of the Eighth regiment came in from Canton yesterday afternoon. This battalion comprises the Canton, Massillon and Alliance companies, and was the governor's escort. It arrived in time to accompany Governor McKinley and staff to church last night. The governor worships at the Broad street Methodist church, and that handsome edifice was crowded to the doors some time before services began.

The special train carrying the Blaine club arrived at 10 o'clock. The club brought 400 men and was headed by Beilstedt's famous band. The Lincoln club arrived about the same time on another special train, and had about the same number of men in line. The Stamnia club, 200 strong, attracted considerable attention. It is composed of young voters, and is a fine looking body of men. Along with these clubs and other political and military bodies came hundreds of men and women, attracted to the capital city by the pomp and display characteristic of the induction into office of the chief executive of a great commonwealth. By noon, 20,000 strangers were in the city, and from the crowded condition of the streets along which the parade passed it seemed that Columbus added its 100,000 people to the occasion.

Taking the Oath of Office.

The ceremonies attending the taking of the oath of office were simple though formal. The Senate and House met at 10 o'clock and awaited the arrive for the inaugural. At the 11:40 the joint committee of the House and Senate waited upon the governor, to escort him to the west front of the Capitol building, where the oath of office was administered. Govrenor McKinley was also accompanied by the judges of the Supreme court, state and city officials, members of the House and Senate, and many personal friends. It was a magnificent assemblage which greeted the great protectionist. Prayer was offered by Rev. A. A. E. Taylor, and then, for the second time, William McKinley took the oath of office as governor of Ohio, the oath being administered by Chief Justice Joseph P. Bradbury, of the Supreme court.

SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

Of Governor William McKinley, of Ohio.

Governor McKinley then spoke as follows:

The Governor's Inaugural.

Gentlemen of the Senate and House of Representatives, and fellow citizens: Ninety-one years ago on the first of March next, the general assembly of Ohio met for the first time under the constitution. There were then thirteen senators and thirty representatives in that body. There are now thirty-one senators and one hundred and seven representatives.

Then there were ten counties in the state, now there are 88. The population then was less than 50,000, and now is nearly one million. Then our predecessors were projecting a state; now the duty is upon us to support and advance that state—a state which in those 90 years has grown to be an empire with a population almost, if not quite, equal to that of the thirteen original states when they were organized into the federal union. It is no small duty that is resting upon us. May we not with propriety and benefit to ourselves invoke upon our efforts the generous guidance of that divine providence who in all the past has never forsaken this people?

Expressing the People's Will.

The inaugural ceremony of to-day is the formal act in execution of the will of the people expressed on the 7th day of last November. It is the entering upon the performance of a public duty already imposed by the people and in obedience to their sovereign will. Our elective system is the established means of asserting the right and power of the majority to rule, and determine who, for the time, are to serve as the agents of the people within the meaning and limitation of the constitution and the laws.

When that result is once determined, those in favor of it, and those who opposed it, join in cheerful acquiescence. In Ohio, men of all parties and all creeds bow in generous submission to the only earthly sovereign they recognize—the people.

Accept a Sacred Trust.

Those of us who to-day take the oath of office in obedience to this popular will, accept a sacred trust for the faithful execution of which we should consecrate our best abilities.

My fellow citizens, we cannot be indifferent, even if we would, to current business conditions, nor unmindful that to-day many of our fellow citizens are without work, because they cannot work anything to do. There are homes in the state which, less than a year ago, were filled with cheer and contentment, that are now haunted with hunger. Our hearts go out in feeling sympathy to these unfortunate ones of our fellow citizens, and our purses should open to them in sweet and substantial charity.

To Demonstrate Our Charity.

The present situation affords a great opportunity to all of us to demonstrate the love we bear our fellow-men, and if rightly improved will cause us to realize that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Those who have should—and I know will—give to those who have not, and the people of our great state will permit none of our men or women or children to suffer for the necessities of life. God grant that this scourge to our industrial prosperity may speedily pass away, and that the time may not be long distant, when business confidence shall again come to every community; when industry shall resume its former activity; and when the men now in enforced idleness shall have work and wages, and the homes now in poverty shall be blessed in plenty.

His Annual Message.

On the 1st of January I addressed a communication to the General Assembly, presenting the needs and condition of the state, which renders it unnecessary for me now to claim your attention upon these subjects. I only desire to add to what I have already said in that connection—that I shall cordially co-operate with the General Assembly in every effort it may inaugurate to improve the financial condition of the state, to secure a better and more equal system of taxation, promote economy in the management of our public institutions, and advance the best interests of the state and the highest well-being of its people. Having served one term as governor, I realize more than ever the responsibility of the office, which, to the partiality of the people, I am designated again to fill, and I am solicitous for the wise and faithful performance of its duties, to serve the state to the best of my ability is my earnest aspiration and single purpose.

Must Act Together.

We can not hope to obtain the best results for the state acting singly and apart. There must be hearty co-operation between the legislative and executive, and both must be in harmonious relations with the people. I shall not be wanting in honest endeavor to help the legislative branch of the state government in every good work.

The tendency of all governments and of all branches of government, executive and legislative, is for each to increase its power and magnify its importance, sometimes in doubtful regard of the laws and the constitution. While the power and independence of the co-ordinate branches of the government should be sacredly maintained, we should be careful never to encroach upon the organic law, nor to trespass upon the rights of the people.

The Best Government.

The best government is the one which governs the least, and which keeps safely within the letter and spirit of the constitution; and the best government, always, is that one which best looks after its own, and which is in closest heart touch with the highest aspirations of the people. A severe test comes to the majority in the legislative body when that majority is phenomenally large. Such a majority is difficult of control. Self-imposed restraint in the use of power is hard to exercise, but when exercised is a demonstration of commanding virtue and the highest exhibition of genuine statesmanship.

It is Often Less Trouble.

The possession of great power too often leads to great abuses. It is often less trouble to let bad legislation go through than to stop it; but this practice will neither justify the conscience of the honest legislator nor retain the confidence of his constituents. Conservatism in legislation marks the wise legislator, and deliberation is promotive of the wisest enactments.

We have a great state. Everything connected with its past and present is calculated to inspire us with reverence and affection. Its history commands our admiration, fills us with love and loyalty, and among all our people is to be found a patriotic desire to promote its progress, prosperity and honor.

A Fortunate State.

Our state has been singularly fortunate in the fraternity of its citizenship. What it has accomplished has been accomplished by all its people; its glory has been the common glory and its pride the common pride, in which all the people have shared. Brotherhood has been the striking characteristic of Ohio life and civilization. Good fellowship has been proverbial among our people. Equality of opportunity and of citizenship has been singularly enjoyed. The state—grounded on principle, based upon law, learning and liberty—has always been strong and broad and liberal. Its administrations have been characterized by this spirit.

Let Us Unite.

Let us unite in keeping them so. Let us maintain in administration the broad and strong and liberal policy and the sentiment for justice and human rights which have so long distinguished our state. Let us keep all of our institutions inviolate, ever regardful of the rights of one another, and preserving to all the enjoyment of equal civil and religious liberty, of the rights of person and of property and of conscience, which are guaranteed by the constitution of the state. Our safety is under reverence for the constitution, encouragement of education, the preservation of honest elections and in our respect of mutual rights and obligations.

Acknowledging the Great Honor.

Acknowledging before the people of the state the great honor they have conferred upon me, I am deeply sensible of the responsibilities which that honor implies. I shall not be lacking in earnest endeavor to advance the interests of the state and shall ever be solicitous that this great commonwealth shall preserve its name and fame untarnished; losing none of the prestige and honor which it has won in the first century of its existence.

FIVE THOUSAND MEN IN LINE.

A Great Parade Reviewed by the Governor.

Immediately after the address came the feature of the day—the parade. For a time it was feared this would fall below what it had been on previous years. Hard times did keep many of the National Guard away, but the organization was well represented. There was a rush by the crowd to secure a good location along the line of march. The reviewing stand was erected on the north side of the state house grounds facing on Broad street. The stand held 300 persons, and was crowded, many of the seats being occupied by ladies.

Fully 5,000 men were in the line of march. The procession was divided into two divisions, the first commanded by James M. Loren, of Columbus, and comprising the political clubs, and the second commanded by Adjutant General Howe and made up of regiments, battalions, companies and batteries of the Ohio National Guard and other independent military organization, the whole commanded by General Axline, marshal-in-chief, with a staff of 20 gentlemen. There was little delay in moving the line, and yet it required two hours for the procession to pass the reviewing stand.

But the end came and the rush for trains began. If the visitors were in a hurry to reach Columbus this morning, they were in a greater hurry to get to their homes. The evening trains took the crowds away, except members of the legislature and those who remained to attend the reception to be held by Governor McKinley this evening in the Senate chamber.

COLORADO POPULISTS

Make a Few Remarks to the People.

Denver, Jan. 8.—The state central committee of the People's party has issued a lengthy address reviewing the disasters that prevail throughout the country and calling upon the people to organize and rally for the purpose of securing needed reforms. On the subject of proposed bond issue the address says:

"Can you explain how, in a time of profound peace, with an insignificant army and navy to support, with a still more insignificant interest tribute, without a dollar of bonded indebtedness due for fourteen years, and an annual revenue exceeding $450,000,000, the people are notified that the burdens of their taxation must be increased by an interest bearing loan of $200,000,000, in order to meet the criminal waste of money that has obtained during the past quarter of a century in every department of government?

"The revenues of the government have been large enough, and the people sufficiently prompt in the payment of their tributes, but the public treasury has been plundered openly and continually. The present financial condition of the people and government are the results of false theories and vicious legislation enacted into law many years since. This universal distress is not the creature of a moment; it is not the sequence of the immediate past; however much recent legislation may have hastened its coming; it is the natural outcome of well-laid and carefully executed plans by the money owners of this and other nations.

"It is the result of a conspiracy and a trial of strength between the masses and the clash is now on. In this great struggle, gold stands against labor, and prejudice is more clamorous than starving children. In this contest men must not stand in the way of a return to the great principles of justice, or human idols withdraw our attention from the onward march of patriotism. The individual man is nothing, but the principles of American freedom, human rights and civil liberty and independence of foreign dictation must be maintained."

TO LEASE OKLAHOMA LANDS

Which Had Been Set Aside for University and School Purposes.

Washington, Jan. 9.—The committee on public lands of the House has reported favorably on the bill for leasing the tracts in Oklahoma territory which were reserved from the public for university, agricultural college and school purposes. The rentals of these reservations are to be applied to the use of universities, schools, etc.

The same committee reported favorably on the bill extending for one year the time in which proofs and payments may be made on lands located under the homestead and desert land laws. The committee also reported in favor of the bill providing for a general adjustment of such land grants. At the recommendation of the secretary of the interior, the committee favor the limitation of the total sum to be paid to the states on these claims to $1,000,000. If the claims exceed that amount they are to be paid pro rata among the states up to $11,000.

HAVE REMOVED TO OMAHA.

National Industrial Legion of the People's Party Changes Its Base.

Omaha, Jan. 9.—The headquarters of the People's Party Chicago organization, officered by the national executive committee of the People's party, and whose head is Parr Van Devoort as commander-in-chief, has been removed from Washington, D. C., to Omaha. All reports will be made and all business transacted at Omaha hereafter.

The legion has organizations in all the states, though California and Oregon lead in numbers. It is forming rapidly, and 10,000 recruiting officers are at work in all parts of the country. It admits all alliances, labor leagues and people's party clubs free; to all other labor orders which wish to organize politically.

HAWAII.

REPORT THAT THE GOVERNMENT HAS BEEN ASKED TO RETIRE

In Favor of the Queen, Who Will Grant Them Amnesty—A Reply is Being Prepared.

Auckland, N. Z., Jan. 5.—(Copyrighted, 1894, by the Associated Press.)—Advices from Honolulu to December 22 have been received here by the steamer Alameda, which has just arrived from San Francisco. The officers of the vessel stated that the excitement in Honolulu over the political situation was growing in intensity. The provisional government was as firm as ever in its determination to maintain its position, and was completing its preparations to resist any effort that might be made to restore the monarchy. The members of the police force of the island had been notified that they would be expected to take arms in defense of the government, and a number of them had been dismissed from the service for refusing to obey this order.

The officers further stated that the minister of the United States had written to the provisional government requesting that they surrender office, as the United States government had decided in favor of the restoration of the queen. The minister in his communication informed the government that Liliuokalani had agreed to grant amnesty to all those who had taken part in the revolution, to ratify the obligations of the present government, and to govern faithfully in accordance with the present constitution. The government was preparing a reply to the minister.

The Commercial Advertiser, of Honolulu, in an article supporting the government, declared that the United States Congress had taken the matter out of President Cleveland's hands by calling for the papers in the Hawaiian correspondence, and asserts that the provisional government will not retire from power unless compelled to by force, and says that this is not likely to be employed.

Temporary repairs have been made to the Canadian and Australian Steamship company's steamer Miowera, which stranded at Honolulu last October, and she will proceed to San Francisco.

THE CUTTER CORWIN ARRIVES.

Mystery Surrounds the Movements in Hawaii.

San Francisco, Jan. 6.—Unless there were special efforts to make a fast run it is probable the Corwin, which arrived yesterday, has been at least twelve days on the voyage, which would make the date of her departure December 24, only two days later than the advices received by the Associated Press from Auckland last night.

The regular messenger of the Merchants' Exchange who had put off in a small boat soon as the cutter was sighted, made an attempt to board her in the entrance of the harbor. Capt. Munger, of the Corwin, shouted to him roughly from the bridge, and not only refused to give him any information, but also refused to permit his boat to come alongside the cutter, leaving the messenger to return against the strong tide. A few miles further up the bay the Corwin sent an officer ashore in a small boat, and then proceeded toward Mare Island.

The Corwin avoided the San Francisco side of the bay, and at 1:15 o'clock was off Sausalito on her way to Mare Island navy yard, thirty miles away. Officers, presumably having the government dispatches, were landed in a small boat near the Presidio military reservation, west of San Francisco. The officers of the cutter absolutely refused to hold communication with any one.

The only thing in the way of news from Honolulu is a statement said to have been made by a sailor on the Corwin to a reporter who tried to board the vessel and was repulsed that, "There has been a big row down there." The statement is not verified at all in any other way.

CONCERNING THE CORWIN.

What News She Brings Is Still a Mystery.

Washington, Jan. 6.—Great reticence is shown in government circles concerning the advices by the Corwin. It was learned, however, from official sources that the dispatches practically confirm everything stated in the cablegram received by the Associated Press from Auckland, and published exclusively Friday morning by papers receiving its report. Officials of the State and Navy departments now accept the cable advice as accurate.

In Captain Munger's report to the Treasury department of the arrival of the revenue cutter Corwin at San Francisco, he stated that the vessel sailed from Honolulu on the 24th of December. The captain's report contains nothing else of interest. If the vessel left on the 24th she brings news from that place, two days later than was reported in the Associated Press dispatches from Auckland.

The emphatic incredulity expressed by the State Department yesterday has been changed by the receipt of a cipher dispatch which came by the Corwin, as it fully confirmed the news received by the Associated Press. It seems that the queen has reconsidered her objections to acceding to the conditions exacted, and that Minister Willis has proceeded to the limit of his original instructions, notifying the provisional government that they are expected to retire in order to allow the restoration of the queen. Nothing can be ascertained as to the extent of the disturbance caused by this action, but that there is a condition of tension and great excitement in Honolulu is certain.

This news is a surprise, and as much so to the State Department as was the news in the first place that Minister Willis had failed to carry out his instructions, owing to the refusal of the queen to accede to conditions. The disappointment felt by the State Department can be measured by the terms used to discredit the Auckland dispatch. It was said that the news was impossible in the light of Minister Willis' instructions and the President's message, and that rumors have been set afloat in Honolulu with the deliberative purpose of throwing discredit upon the good faith of President Cleveland.

NEW LETTERS ON HAWAII.

Some Reports From Minister Willis Never Before Issued.

Washington, Jan. 6.—There has been issued from the government printing office the special message of the President on Hawaii and the accompanying correspondence, which the Senate had asked for by resolution. In the printed copies are some reports from Minister Willis, which have not heretofore been published, and which are of especial interest at this time.

Under date of November 11, from Honolulu, Minister Willis announces to Secretary Gresham the presentation of his letter accrediting him as Mr. Blount's successor The document then continues:

"On the afternoon of the 6th the British minister, Major Wodehouse, called my attention to the following paragraph in the Hawaiian Star of the same date: 'It would serve the ex-Queen well to pray to her gods that the perils of restoration will never come to her,' which he interpreted to be a threat of assassination, and inquired whether our government was ready and willing to extend to her its protection. I replied that, without reference to her royal claims, she stood in such relations to the United States that she was entitled to and would receive the amplest protection at their hands. As a matter of fact, I had already ascertained that, at present, she did not desire our protection. After next Monday, however, and earlier if necessary, I shall insist on her coming to the legation.

"Neither side has the vaguest idea, as yet, of the attitude of our government, and consequently no outbreak has occurred, although every night is filled with rumors.

"The United States steamships Philadelphia and Adams are connected with Honolulu by telephone, but in the event of riot, Admiral Irwin, now in command, has made arrangements for rocket signaling.

"On Monday next I will, by request, meet a committee of the American League, which, one who claimed to be a member informed me, was 'six hundred strong, well armed with Winchester rifles, and would never permit the restoration of the Queen.' He further intimated that the League had some fear that the provisional government 'would make concessions and surrender their rights, and if so, they would overthrow it,' etc. There is undoubtedly in this government, as in all governments, a class of reckless, lawless men, who, under the impression that they have the moral support of some of the better class of citizens, may at any moment bring about a serious condition of affairs. Fortunately, the men at the head of the provisional government are acknowledged by all sides to be of the highest integrity and public spirit, which, combined with the large material interests they represent, will, it is hoped, cause them to stand firmly and successfully for peace and good government.

"The Japanese consul general, Mr. Suburo Fujii, has just called to say that his people, who now number nearly one-third of the male population, are very apprehensive of immediate disturbances. He desired to know whether I would advise him to send for a man-of-war. I declined to give him any advice. He then inquired whether his people could expect protection from the United States troops. I told him that if it was his request, and that if his people were non-participants in any trouble, that he could probably rely upon the protection of our government. The American interests here are so extensive, and all interests are so close, that it is impossible to touch one without involving all.

"With sentiments of high regard, I am, etc., ALBERT S. WILLIS."

"Legation of the United States, Honolulu, Nov. 16, 1893."

"Sir:—On last Monday, November 13, I received a call from three gentlemen, who said they were a committee representing the 'American League.' The chairman, Mr. Van Houton, made a speech of welcome, covering substantially the statements contained in the papers which I send herewith.

"I replied, thanking them for their words of welcome and friendship, and stating in very general terms, the circumstances under which I came, and saying to them that it was the duty of all Americans, whether at home or abroad, to co-operate in executing the will of their government when it was declared. After some further remarks as to the desirability of free institutions, provided the people were adapted to them and prepared for them, the committee withdrew. The chairman came back after several hours, to inform me that he neglected to state the 'League' was opposed to the restoration of the monarchy. Nothing was said in the conversation as to the status of affairs here or of the instructions of our government. I mention this, as the committee, I am informed, have placed a different construction on the interview.

"With high regards, I am, etc.,

"ALBERT S. WILLIS."

The next communication was the following telegram:

"November 18, 1893.

"Views of first party so extreme as to require further instructions.

"WILLIS."

This brought from Secretary Gresham, the second set of instructions to Minister Willis, heretofore published.

The last message received from Willis was the following telegram:

"Honolulu, December 4, 1893.

"Understand message. Had no communications from Washington, D. C., either to the United States admiral or to me since my arrival. One British man-of-war and one Japanese man-of-war are here. Active defensive preparations for several days; otherwise situation about the same. The feeling intense, but hope to preserve status until further instructed. Government last Wednesday inquired as to authenticity of your published letter and intentions of the President. I have declined to-day to answer. Prompt action desirable.

"WILLIS."

MR. WILLIS MAKES THE DEMAND.

Wants Queen Lil Restored to Her Throne.

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Victoria, B. C., Jan. 9.—(Honolulu, Jan. 1, 1894.)—Since the sailing of the United States revenue cutter Corwin at 3:50 a. m. on the morning of December 24, no advices have left here for the coast. That vessel took press dispatches against the orders of the United States legation, but it is doubtful if all of them are landed, as it is understood a strict watch will be placed on the vessel as soon as she arrives near the harbor, and that she will likely be ordered at once on a cruise.

Mr. Willis's Demand.

The Corwin took the demand of Minister Willis upon the provisional government to step down and out, which was couched in the following words:

What Mr. Willis Said.

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—"The President of the United States has very much regretted the delay in the consideration of the Hawaiian question, but it is unavoidable. So much of it, as has occurred since my arrival, has been due to certain conditions precedent, compliance with which was required before I was authorized to confer with you. The President also regrets, as most assuredly do I, that any secrecy should have surrounded the interchange of views between our two governments. I may say this, however, that the secrecy thus far observed has been in the interest and for the safety of all your people. I now promise that the President's action on the Hawaiian question has been under the dictates of honor and duty. It is now and has been from the beginning absolutely free from prejudice and resentment and entirely consistent with long established friendship and treaty ties, which have so closely bound together our respective governments.

Withdrew the Treaty.

"The President deemed it his duty to withdraw from the Senate the treaty of annexation, which had been signed by the secretary of State and agents of your government and to dispatch a trusty representative to Hawaii to impartially investigate the causes of your revolution and to ascertain and report the true situation in these islands.

"After a thorough investigation of the facts the President became convinced that the Queen only submitted to the superior force of the United States government.

Yielded Only to Uncle Sam.

The Queen refused to surrender her powers to the provisional government until convinced that the minister of the United States recognized it as the de facto authority, and would support and defend it with the military force of the United States, and that resistance would precipitate a bloody conflict with that force. She was advised and assured by her ministers and leaders of the movement for the overthrow of her government that if she surrendered under protest her case would afterwards be fairly considered by the President of the United States.

The Queen finally yielded to the armed forces of the United States then quartered in Honolulu, relying on the good faith and honor of the President when informed of what had occurred to undo the action of the minister, and reinstate her, and the authority which she claimed as the constitutional sovereign of the Hawaiian islands.

Was Encouraged by Stevens.

After a patient examination of Mr. Blount's reports, the President is satisfied that the movement against the Queen, if not instigated, was encouraged and supported by the representatives of this government at Honolulu. That they promised in advance to aid her enemies in an effort to overthrow the Hawaiian government, and set up by force a new government in its place. And that he kept his promise by causing a detachment of troops to be landed from the Boston on the 16th of January, 1893, and by recognizing the provisional government the next day, when it was too feeble to defend itself, and the constitutional government was about to be successfully maintained against any threatening force, other than that of the United States, already landed.

Won't Send Back the Treaty.

The President has, therefore, determined that he will not send back to the Senate for its action thereon the treaty which he withdrew from that body for further consideration on the 9th day of March last. In view of these conclusions, I was instructed by the President of the United States to take advantage of an early opportunity to inform the Queen of his determination and of his views as to the responsibility of our government.

The President, however, felt that we, by our original interference, had incurred a responsibility to the whole Hawaiian community, and that it would not be just to put one party at the mercy of the other. I was, therefore instructed at the same time to inform her that the President expected that she would pursue a magnanimous course by granting full amnesty to all who participated in the movement against her, including persons who are, or who have been, officially or otherwise connected with the provisional government, depriving them of no right or privilege which they enjoyed before the revolution of last January, and that all obligations created by the provisional government in the course of administration should be assumed.

The Queen Agrees.

"In obedience to the command of the President, I have secured the queen's agreement to this course, and I now deliver a writing, signed by her and duly attested, a copy of which I will read from the original, leaving with you a certified copy.

"I, Liliuokalani, in recognition of the high sense of justice which has actuated the President of the United States, and desiring to put aside all feelings of personal hatred or revenge, and to do what is best for all the people of these islands, both native and foreign-born, do hereby and herein solemnly declare and pledge myself, that, if reinstated as the constitutional sovereign of the Hawaiian islands, I will immediately proclaim and declare unconditionally and without reservation the full, free and entire pardon and amnesty for their offenses with restoration of all rights, privileges and immunities, under the constitution and the law, which have been made in pursuance thereof, and that I will forbid and prevent the adoption of any measure of proscription or punishment for what has been done in the past by those setting up or supporting the provisional government.

Accepts the Constitution.

"I furthermore solemnly agree to accept the restoration under the constitution existing at the time of said revolution, and that I will abide by and fully execute that constitution with all the guarantees as to persons and property therein contained. I furthermore solemnly pledge myself and my government, if restored, to assume all the obligations created by the provisional government in the proper course of administration, including all expenditures for military or police service, it being my purpose, if restored, to assume the government precisely as it existed on the day it was unlawfully overthrown.

"Witness my hand this 18th day of December, 1893. LILIOKALANI."

"Attest, J. O. CARTER."

Must Relinquish the Government.

"It becomes my further duty to advise you, sir, the executive of the provisional government, and your ministers, of the President's determination of the question, which your action, and that of the Queen, devolved upon him, and that you are expected to promptly relinquish all her constitutional authority. And now, Mr. President and gentlemen of the provisional government, with a deep and solemn sense of the gravity of the situation, and with the earnest hope that your answer will be inspired by that high patriotism which forgets all self-interest, in the name and by the authority of the United States of America, I submit to you that question: Are you willing to abide by the decision of the President?

He Leaves a Copy.

"I will leave this with you, Mr. President, as your stenographer may not have got every word, and it may help him.

"I will also leave the certified copy that I referred to, the agreement of the Queen."

President Dole—"The government will take the matter under consideration and answer you as soon as they are ready."

Mr. Willis—"Yes, sir; gentlemen, good day."

READY FOR THE WIND-UP.

Adventists Notified That the End of the World is Near at Hand.

Battle Creek, Mich., Jan. 3.—Ellen G. White, the mother of Adventism, says the end of the world is fast approaching. This was conveyed to her in a vision. She can not tell exactly when the day will come, but only that it will be soon.

The elders here have enjoined all who can to sell their personal effects and go out into the world and preach the gospel. About twenty families in obedience to this injunction, have sold their homes and gone within the last month, and many more have their places advertised for sale. They will sell for any price the place will bring.

At a meeting held in the Tabernacle the elders called upon all those present to donate what they could of their personal effects to educate the mission. They were told that the end was near and reminded they could not take their worldly goods with them to the other world. Over 3,000 persons attended the meeting, and excitement ran high.

One old man said that he would give his house and lot, worth $3,000. This, he said, was all that he had to give. This opened the hearts of the rest of the congregation, and when the meeting ended 80 gold watches, 60 gold rings and other personal property of the value of over $25,000 had been donated. The money will be used to send missionaries to foreign countries and to spread the doctrine in this country.

NO MONETARY CONFERENCE.

President Cleveland Has Expressed Himself Against It.

London, Jan. 8.—A note which the late Baron Selvyns, recently Belgian minister to England, sent to Lord Roseberry, secretary of state for foreign affairs, was made public to-day. It says that the Belgian government has received a dispatch dated Washington, from the President of the United States, saying that he does not feel called upon, under the present circumstances, to ask that a monetary conference be convoked. The note referred to was sent to Lord Roseberry on November 23 last.

AGAINST FREE IRON ORE.

Minnesota People Are Making an Emphatic Protest.

St. Paul, Minn., Jan. 4.—A Duluth special to the Pioneer Press says: A monster petition against the free iron ore provision of the Wilson bill is to be sent to Congress from St. Louis county.

An effort is being made to secure the signature of every voter in the Vermillion and Mesabe iron ranges. One of those pushing the movement is A. B. Humphreys, a life-long Democrat.

WRECK IN THE MISSOURI VALLEY

Northwestern Passenger Train Encounters Difficulties.

Omaha, Jan. 9.—The St. Paul passenger train on the Northwestern road was wrecked yesterday at Missouri Valley. The ladies coach and the sleeper were thrown down a steep embankment.

Mrs. F. M. Fenster, of this city, was killed. None of the other passengers or trainmen were seriously hurt.

On Account of the Wilson Bill.

Joliet, Ills., Jan. 4.—The Joliet branch of the Consolidated Steel and Wire company closed down yesterday, making idle about 800 men.

THE VENERABLE WAR SPEAKER

Nominated for Congressman-at-Large by Acclamation.

Harrisburg, Pa., Jan. 3.—The Republican state convention was called together at 12:20 o'clock by ex-Senator Packer, of Tioga, permanent chairman. The roll call showed a full attendance of delegates.

In stating the object of the call of the convention, Chairman Packer eulogized the memory of the late Gen. William Lilly. Mr. Packer said the convention ought to congratulate State Chairman Gilkeson for the able

HON. GALUSHA A. GROW.

manner in which he conducted the last campaign, which resulted in 134,000 majority for the Republican ticket.

The speaker blamed the present depressed condition of the country on the national Democratic administration. He criticized its Hawaiian policy, and declared the Wilson tariff bill was an un-American measure."

The nomination of Mr. Grow was then made by acclamation, and Senator Lyon, of Allegheny; Jeremiah Snyder, of Allentown, and David Martin, of Philadelphia, were appointed a committee to inform him of his nomination. During the wait the band in the gallery played several lively airs.

Mr. Grow appeared before the convention, and was greeted with enthusiasm. He ascended the platform, and made a brief speech of acceptance.

Sketch of the Nominee.

Galusha A. Grow was one of the great anti-slavery leaders, and one of the most prominent Congressmen during the war. He was born on August 31, 1824, and is therefore nearly 70 years of age. He practiced law in Pennsylvania until his election to Congress from the famous "Wilmot" district, in 1857. He was then but 27, and the youngest member of the House. At the special session commencing July 4, 1861, he was elected speaker, and served until March, 1863, when he retired from Congress and from public life. He was tendered a unanimous vote of thanks from the House, the first time that such a vote had been tendered for many years. In 1876 he was appointed minister to Russia by President Grant, but he declined to accept the position.

SHAVING GOLD PIECES.

Ingenious Scheme of Counterfeiting Discovered.

Chicago, Jan. 5.—An ingenious scheme for making money that surpasses anything ever before heard of in the counterfeiting line has been brought to light by Capt. Porter, of the United States secret service. Three arrests have been made, but the two main conspirators have left the city. The scheme was to buy $10 and $20 gold pieces at the different banks and shave off from 75 cents to $1.50 worth of the metal. The coins would then be remilled, returned to the banks and passed without any trouble. It was by the merest accident that the scheme was detected. Capt. Porter says $12,000 in gold has been tampered with in this way in the last two weeks. About $600 worth of shaving have been discovered by dentists and jewelers after having been melted.

Those under arrest are A. H. Peck, a dentist, and Mrs. James L. Wilcox and Ralph Wilcox. W. F. Shaw, one of the main conspirators, escaped. His partner, J. L. Wilcox, husband of the woman in custody, also got away. Ralph Wilcox is a brother of the last named.

FOR DEFRAUDING PENSIONERS.

Pension Agent W. Bowen Moore and Son Arrested.

Buffalo, Jan. 6.—W. Bowen Moore, the most extensive pension agent in Western New York, was, with his son, Allan, and five clerks, arrested this afternoon by United States officers on charges of defrauding the government and extorting money from pensioners. The whole amount involved is said to be $500,000. The prosecuting department has been investigating his methods for three months. The evidence is highly sensational.

CLEVELAND'S BROTHER-IN-LAW

Was Seriously Injured by a Runaway at Beatrice, Neb.

Beatrice, Neb., Jan. 5.—While crossing Grant street last night W. C. Hoyt, walking with his wife, was run into by a buggy driven by C. W. Sperry, and was knocked unconscious.

Mr. Hoyt is a brother-in-law to President Cleveland.

BIG FIRE IN ALBANY.

Quarter of a Million Dollars Loss Saturday.

Albany, N. Y., Jan. 6.—At 11:55 a. m. fire started in the Albany theater occupying about half a block. In ten minutes the entire building was a mass of flames and will be a total loss. The loss will be at least $250,000.

To Entertain the G. A. R.

Pittsburg, Jan. 6.—Arrangements for entertaining guests to the national Grand Army encampment, to be held in this city are progressing smoothly. It is expected that fully 300,000 visitors will be in the city on the day of the parade. As the hotels are inadequate to this vast number, every suitable place is being secured to house the guests.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all drug gists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

FOREIGN.

NORTHERN BRAZILIANS WILL REVOLT FROM PEIXOTO.

Their Sympathies Are With Admiral Mello and Against Peixotto.

St. Vincent, W. I., Jan. 6.—(Special Pernambuco cable dispatch.)—A dispatch from the Associated Press correspondent at Pernambuco, dated December 27, brings the latest news as to the actual state of affairs not only at Pernambuco but in the northern portion of Brazil.

Conspiracies in favor of de Mello and the insurgent cause are cropping up in many parts of the north, where martial law alone seems to prevent a rising similar to that which has taken place in the south, and which has been in progress for a long time past. In this city and province even the military forces of the government would be insufficient to check the outburst of an insurrection in favor of de Mello were it not for the presence here of the cruisers Nictheroy and America. This is no theoretical statement or announcement based upon rumor alone.

The Associated Press correspondent has been informed from most trustworthy sources that if the Nictheroy and America and other government vessels leave this port, a revolution will certainly follow, and the government troops are not expected to be very keen to meet the mobs which they will take towards suppressing such a movement. It is openly asserted and generally believed that the governor of Pernambuco and nearly all the most influential people of this city and province are at heart in favor of the movement against the so-called military dictator of Brazil.

PEIXOTO AND MELLO.

They Indulge in Much Talk, But Don't Fight.

(Copyrighted, 1894, by Associated Press.)

Pernambuco, Jan. 3.—Admiral De Mello and his war ships, the Aquidaban and Republica, have not yet arrived off this port, and it does not seem that there is any immediate probability of a naval battle being fought here.

All information received here from Rio Janeiro from either side, is more or less unreliable, but it is announced that the United States and German warships, acting in concert, have notified the rebel admiral that the fire of his ships must be so directed as not to interfere with the German and American vessels at the anchorage now used for loading and discharging merchant ships.

According to the insurgent point of view, President Peixoto is reduced to the last extremity, and an early ending of the civil war may be anticipated. If the government reports are to be believed, Admiral De Mello is upon the point of surrendering, as his ships are in need of all necessaries for continuing the war, and the sailors are grumbling at not receiving their pay, and are anxious to make peace with the government.

On the other hand it is reported that the insurgents have won a most important victory in the south, and that they are rapidly advancing towards the capital. Bage, which has been besieged by the insurgents for some time past, is said to have fallen into the hands of the rebels who are receiving reinforcements every day. Capt. Gumez, of the Nictheroy, seems to have had much trouble with his crew, and a number of them are ashore here, and determined to return to New York. It should be added that some of those who were among the first to come ashore have since rejoined the Nictheroy, and it is believed that this cruiser is ready to put to sea. Some of the sailors ashore speak in very harsh terms of their treatment on board the Nictheroy and the America.

Admiral De Gama has reiterated his assertions made frequently within the last month that he has no intention of advocating the restoration of the monarchy, and again expresses his willingness to resign his command if this step will in any way benefit the cause of the insurgents.

The latest report received here is to the effect that Admiral De Mello started north to meet the Nictheroy, but upon hearing that she had been reinforced by the America, the rebel admiral is said to have put about, and to have gone southward again.

International Exposition Proposed.

St. Petersburg, Jan. 4.—The municipal authorities of this city propose to hold an international exhibition here in 1903, upon the two hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the city, in 1703, by Peter the Great.

The Pope Will Mediate.

Lima, Peru, Jan. 5.—The Peruvian government has accepted the offer of the Pope to mediate the dispute between Peru and Ecuador. Both countries, however, continue to augment their military forces.

Prospective Trouble in Samoa.

Auckland, N. Z., Jan. 5.—Advices from Apia, Samoa, say the Samoan natives have shown signs of restlessness since the departure of the warships, and that further trouble is feared.

BRITISH TROOPS ATTACKED BY THE FRENCH

WASHINGTON.

THE INCOME TAX PROPOSITION.

The Ways and Means Committee Agreed Upon It.

Washington, Jan. 8.—The advocates of the individual income tax proposition were triumphant at the meeting of the Democratic members of the ways and means committee yesterday afternoon. The eleven members were present when the final meeting was held at the treasury department at 4 o'clock, and comparatively little time was wasted in discussion. The ground had all been argued and fought over time and again, and the issue was joined on two propositions, one to levy a tax of two per cent against individual incomes of over $4,000 and against the incomes from corporations —that is, the difference between the gross earnings and the operating expenses, or in other words the net income—and record, a proposition offered as a substitute by Mr. Cockran, of New York, to tax the incomes from corporations one per cent, and inheritances five per cent, to place a tax of ten cents on whisky and to restore sugar to the dutiable list at half a cent a pound.

The vote on Cockran's substitute proposition, which was taken first, resulted in its defeat, 7 to 4, as follows: Ayes—Messrs. Wilson, Cockran, Stevens and Montgomery. Nays—Messrs. McMillan, Turner, Whiting, Bryan, Bynum, Tarsney and Breckinridge.

The original proposition was then submitted and carried by a vote of 6 to 5, as follows: Ayes—Messrs. McMillan, Turner, Whiting, Bryan, Bynum and Tarsney. Nays—Messrs. Wilson, Cockran, Stevens, Montgomery and Breckinridge.

It was also decided in connection with the latter proposition to increase the whisky tax ten cents per gallon, that is from 90 cents to one dollar, to be levied against whisky in as well as out of bond. Upon the representation that this increase would work undue hardship to the owners of whisky in bond, it was decided to extend the bonded period from three to eight years. The tax on playing cards, at one time fixed at six cents per pack, was reduced to two cents, and the contemplated tax on perfumes and cosmetics was discarded. No increase was made in the tax on cigars, but the increase on cigarettes, one dollar per thousand, was allowed to stand.

The committee estimates that the tax on the incomes from corporations and individuals (corporations being treated as individuals) will raise $30,-000,000 revenue—$12,000,000 from corporations and $18,000,000 from individuals.

The increase in the whisky tax, it is estimated, will give an additional revenue of $10,000,000 per annum. The proposed tax on inheritances which was to be levied in case the proposition for an individual income tax failed, was not deemed necessary.

OUR DEFICIENT REVENUES.

Startling Condition of the Treasury of the United States.

Washington, Jan. 8.—(Special.)—It is not a very cheerful outlook with which the year opens at the treasury department. The cash surplus which, until within the past few months was never permitted to go below one hundred millions and was frequently very much more than that, now amounts to little more than eighty millions, and the painful feature of the situation is that it is growing less every month and must continue to grow less until some method is devised to change the situation. It is in the customs receipts largely that the falling off has taken place. The customs receipts for the month just ended have been about half what they were for the corresponding month of the last year. During the past six months the custon receipts have fallen off $35,000,000 as compared with the corresponding period of last year. Even the internal revenue receipts which held up nobly in the beginning of the financial troubles are now showing to a certain extent the effect of the general depression, and there has been a slight falling off in that standby of the government.

Of course the custom and internal revenue receipts form the bulk of the money flowing into the treasury, though the custom receipts were formerly a little in excess of the receipts in internal revenue, now the situation is reversed. So when the custom receipts fall off one-half and the internal revenue receipts are also reduced it is not surprising that the treasury vaults yawn in emptiness and the secretary of the Treasury is at his wits ends to know how to obtain the money to meet the enormous demands upon the Treasury. Every day of his financial life he is called upon for more than a million dollars, sometimes for millions in a day, and there is a steady growth in this demand upon him. With the growth of the country it is natural that there should be an increase in its expenditures, and the cry of a billion dollar Congress which has been echoed and re-echoed for the past few years is simply a result of the enormous growth of this country and the necessary demands for enormous sums of money.

Looking for the Remedy.

What is to be done about it, is a question that the statesmen are anxiously asking each other now. It has come to a time when they must look this question squarely in the face. The gold reserve of one hundred millions of dollars was especially created for the purpose of redeeming the greenbacks when presented and gold demanded for them. This fund was created by a special sale of bonds for that purpose. The law creating this fund authorized the secretary of the Treasury to sell bonds up to two hundred and fifty millions of interest notes, commonly known as greenbacks, that were outstanding and still remain outstanding. These notes, as everybody understands, continue constantly in circulation. When they get soiled they are shipped back to the treasury by the banks and new ones issued in their place. The secretary of the treasury at that time sold one hundred millions of bonds and put the money into the treasury as a fund for this purpose. The remainder of the bonds were not sold and have not been issued.

THE TREASURY STATEMENT

Of Monetary System in the Principal Countries of the World.

Washington, Jan. 4.—The treasury department presents a table showing the monetary systems and approximate stocks of money in the aggregate and per capita in the principal countries of the world. This shows that France, with a population of 38,-800,000, has the highest per capita circulation of any of the countries named in the table, viz., $36.81. "The Straits," with a population of 3,800,-000, have a per capita circulation of $28.94. Others are: Belgium, $26.70; Australia, $26.05; the United States, $26.02; the Netherlands, $24.34. In China, with a population of $402,700,-000, the per capita circulation is but $1.80, all in silver. Following China in this respect Roumania has a circulation per capita of $4.60; Servia, $4.27; Sweden, $2.71; Turkey, $2.39, and a population of 39,200,000; Central American states, $3.78; Japan, $4; India, $3.44, against a population of 287,200,-000; Haiti, $4.90.

The United Kingdom, $20.44, and Germany, $18.56 to each person. Portugal, with a population of but 4,-700,000, has a per capita of $21.06, and Egypt a per capita of $19.85. The South American states have a per capita of $19.67; Canada, $10; Cuba, $12.31; Italy, $9.59; Switzerland, $14.48; Greece, $12.22; Spain, $17.14; Austro-Hungary, 9.59; Norway, $6.60; Denmark, $11.72; Russia, $8.17, with a population of 124,000,000, and Mexico $5.

Since this statement was tabulated the per capita circulation of the United States has decreased to $25.55. The table gives the stock of gold money at $3,901,900,000; silver, $3,931,100,000, and uncovered paper money at $2,700,-000,000.

JUDGE LONG'S PENSION,

The Old Michigan Soldier Will Draw $72 a Month.

Washington, Jan. 5.—Commissioner of Pensions Lochren yesterday ordered the restoration of the former pension rating of Judge Charles Long, of Michigan. This puts an end for the present to the proceedings which Judge Long had instituted in the District court to compel the commissioner to return his former rating of $72 a month which had been suspended pending medical examination. Judge Long was originally pensioned at $8 a month. This was gradually increased until 1880, when he was granted by Commissioner Tanner $72 a month under the law pensioning those so disabled as to require the regular attendance of another person.

Under Corporal Tanner's administration it was finally settled that a person who could not attend to all his wants on account of his injuries, and who needed almost continual aid, came within the provisions of that law. Judge Long's pension was held to be embraced in these provisions. Besides the loss of one arm, he had a hip gunshot wound, which is still open and requires attendance. Commissioner Lochren, however, held that this case was provided for in the subsequent act of July 14, 1889, concerning disabilities that required frequent and periodical, though not regular and constant attendance.

Under this act it was decided that he was not entitled to more than $50 a month. His pension was accordingly suspended, and he was ordered to appear for examination before a medical board. He failed to comply with this notice, and brought suit for mandamus to compel the return to his former rating. The act of December 21, prohibiting suspension of pensions without thirty days' notice was passed, however, while decision in the case was pending. Commissioner Lochren this evening characterized the act which makes the restoration necessary as very inconsiderate, unwise and vicious.

"It encourages fraud and perjury," he said. "Hereafter in every crooked case, thirty days' notice prior to suspension must be given. Under the old law suspension would take place pending investigation, and very often large sums of money have been saved to the government in this way. Now we are utterly powerless, and must remain with our hands tied." The required notice will be given Judge Long, and at the end of the thirty days the pension will be undoubtedly again be suspended. The case differs from most of the others pending, because with those previously notice had almost invariably been given.

SECETARY MORTON

Replies to the Attack Made Upon Him by the Farmers.

Washington, Jan. 5.—Secretary Morton expressed surprise yesterday at what he regards as a misrepresentation of his position in regard to the agricultural experiment stations' appropriations, and of his action in omitting that branch of the service from the estimates of department expenditures for the fiscal year.

"As a matter of fact," said the secretary, "I have taken the same course in this respect as was adopted by my predecessor, Gen. Rusk. I have taken pains in a statement included in my annual report to deduct $720,000—the amount omitted for experiment stations—from the total decrease in the estimates, with the explanation that it is a sum improperly included in the department appropriation, and to claim credit only for the net decrease of nearly $369,656.94.

"The effect is plain that no suggestion for the abolition of the state stations was made by me. The inclusion in my estimate of $25,000 for the office of experiment stations indicates that I do not expect the work of that division to cease, although it is well understood that it is maintained as the connecting link between the department and the state stations, and for the special benefit of the latter. It is obvious that I would not have wasted words in my reports urging the necessity for a more satisfactory and clearer definition of the regulations of the stations to the department and vice versa had my object been merely to extinguish them altogether.

"I am afraid that the misapprehension existing in the minds of many people is very largely due to some misrepresentations on the part of a few who ought to think some before they talk."

WILL BE FAIR ABOUT IT.

Republican Senators Won't Filibuster Against Election Repeal.

Washington, Jan. 5.—The policy of the Republicans on the election repeal bill in the Senate will not be to antagonize the measure by filibustering. Several speeches will be made against the repeal, and the Republican senators will insist upon having sufficient time to make their speeches. A Republican member of the committee on privileges and elections says that he thinks the bill will pass in 10 days debate.

It was during the special session when all night sessions were being discussed that Senator Frye said there would likely be all night sessions in the Senate before the federal election laws were repealed. But it now seems to be considered that there will be no attempt to talk measures to death, although the debate may bring about a change in the determination of the Republicans.

CALLED HIM A LIAR.

J. Hale Sypher and Amos Cummings Engage in a Little Dialogue.

Washington, Jan. 8.—"You're a liar, and you know it," was the startling exclamation which fell from the lips of Representative Amos J. Cummings, of New York, at the Capitol on Saturday.

The remark was addressed to Mr. J. Hale Sypher, a former Representative in Congress from Louisiana, and now a practicing attorney of this city. The scene was in the room of the House Naval Affairs committee.

The subject before the committee was a resolution introduced in the House by Mr. Holman, of Indiana, December 31, which said that more than $1,000,000 had been paid out to contractors engaged in the building of warships, for premiums; that the ships were so built as to secure a higher speed than was required by the contract, thereby permitting the contractors to earn these extraordinary and unjustifiable premiums, and therefore that the committee on Naval Affairs was instructed to investigate the whole matter thoroughly, and to learn especially whether through the collusion of any officer of the government these premiums were secured.

CALIFORNIA'S DELEGATION

Requested to Oppose Certain Features of the Wilson Bill.

Washington, Jan. 9.—The following is the telegram which was sent to every member of the California delegation yesterday:

"Whereas, the wine industry of this state as well as that of Ohio, Missouri, New York and North Carolina is seriously threatened by the adoption by Congress by that provision of the Wilson tariff bill, which limits the duty on wines to 100 per cent. of its declared value, and,

Whereas, it is proposed to permit the use of sugar and alcohol spirits to make sweet wines.

"Resolved, That our senators and representatives in Congress are respectfully requested to take such steps in connection with senators and representatives of other states affected in like manner or take action alone as they may deem wise to have the provisions above mentioned eliminated from the bill, and that a copy of these resolutions will be forwarded to them.

Weak Kidneys

Sharp, shooting pains, back ache, side ache, chest pains and palpitation relieved in ONE MINUTE by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the first and only pain-killing plaster. It restores *vital electricity*, and hence cures nervous pains and muscular weakness.

Price: 25c.; five, $1.00. At all druggists or by mail. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston.

"Resolved, That Frederick Jacobs, of New York, be authorized to represent this association in Washington."
(Signed) San Francisco Wine Dealers' Association,
Viticultural commission, 5,000 viticulturists, over 20,000 others interested.

HOT MEETING OF THE DEMOCRATIC CAUCUS.

Speaker Crisp Instructs Congressmen as to Their Duty.

Washington, Jan. 6.—The Democratic caucus met in the hall of the House of Representatives at 8 o'clock last night to consider the Wilson tariff bill. There was a good attendance. Judge Holman was chairman, and Mr. Anderson secretary of the caucus. Although the roll call showed only 124 members present, many came in during the call, and it was estimated that there were 141 Democrats in attendance when the proceedings began. There are 216 Democrats in the House and a caucus quorum is 108. The attendance indicated that in the neighborhood of forty who are in the city remained away.

There were no conspicuous absences among the "kickers." As soon as the roll had been called, on motion, it was decided to limit the speeches to five minutes each. Gen. Wheeler, who was one of the prime movers in the caucus project, then took the floor, and made a vigorous speech against the proposition to place coal and iron ore on the free list.

Speaker Crisp followed. He offered a resolution declaring that it was the duty of every Democrat to vote for the consideration of the tariff bill, and also that it was the duty of all Democras to attend the sessions of the House and maintain a quorum until the tariff bill is disposed of.

In a ringing speech the speaker took occasion to rather sharply reprimand Democrats who had been responsible for the inaction of the House during the past three days. He said that the proper way to act, for those who were dissatisfied, would be to take the bill up and have it considered. They would be given an opportunity to offer their amendments, and these amendments, under the terms of the resolution of the committee on rules, could be voted upon.

The majority could decide. No member would lose any of his rights, and it would be to the honor and credit of the party to go forward and legislate. The party had been given a commission by the people, and it was its duty to carry it out. The spectacle of the past three days had been a disgrace to the large Democratic majority, and he sincerely hoped that it would not be repeated. The words of the speaker were loudly cheered.

General Sickles, of New York, in replying to the speaker, declared that it was no part of the duty of any Democrat to vote for the consideration of a revenue bill, some of the features of which had not yet been reported by the committee. He directed his assault chiefly against the proposition for an income tax, which he declared un-Democratic, unpopular, impolitic.

Mr. Sperry, of Connecticut, followed in the same line, justifying his course in refusing to vote on practically the same grounds. He carefully avoided mention of the tobacco schedule which is understood to be the chief ground of his objection to the Wilson bill.

After further debate the Crisp resolution was then adopted without division. It as as follows:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this caucus that it is the duty of every Democratic member of the House to vote for the pending resolution providing for the consideration of the tariff bill in order that the House may have an opportunity to redeem the pledges of the party respecting tariff reform.

Resolved, Further, that it is the duty of every Democratic member of the House to attend its daily sessions, and we hereby express the opinion that those members who are absent owe it to the party, and those of us who are here to immediately return in order that pressing public business may be attended to.

Another resolution was adopted that it was the sense of the caucus that if a proposition for an income tax was reported from the committee that two days additional should be given for debate.

Further Debate Choked.

After these resolutions had been adopted, Mr. Harter, of Ohio, and Mr. Robertson, of Louisiana, introduced amendments providing for a duty on sugar, but before a vote was had on either of the amendments, Chairman Holman recognized Mr. Black, of Georgia, to move an adjournment. The motion was carried with a rush, and at 10 o'clock the Democratic caucus adjourned.

DECISION IN LAND CASES.

Commissioner Lamoreaux Will Give an Important Opinion.

Washington, Jan. 8.—Commissioner Lamareaux of the general land office is expected to render an opinion in a few days in the Red Lake reservation, Minnesota, timber case, which has been pending before the office for a long time.

The work of the timber estimates are expected to occupy a number of years and the question to be determined by the department is whether timber on the reservation in the meantime be sold. The question involves many important points and the case has excited great interest throughout the northwest.

THE NEW MEXICO BILL

Will Not be Considered Until After the Tariff Bill.

Washington, Jan. 8.—Gen. Wheeler, chairman of the House committee on territories, has no hope of getting up the bill for the admission of New Mexico, until after the tariff bill is disposed of, and then it will be the regular order.

Delegate Smith, of Arizona, whose bill for the admission of his territory has already passed the House, says there is no doubt about favorable action in the Senate.

IS DAVE HILL'S WORK.

Judiciary Committee Will Report Unfavorably on Hornblower.

Washington, Jan. 8—The Senate Judiciary committee has decided to report the nomination of Hornblower for associate justice of the Supreme court of the United States unfavorably.

FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS.

Washington, Jan. 3.—Both houses met after the holiday adjournment but no business was transacted. In the House the Democrats attempted to take up the tariff bill but failed on account of lack of a quorum, the Republicans refraining from voting.

Washington, Jan. 4.—The time of the House in the morning was occupied by a fruitless effort of Mr. Boutelle, Rep., of Maine, to have considered his Hawaiian resolution, and vain efforts of the Democrats to take up the tariff bill, which failed, as they could not muster a quorum. The Republicans and one Democrat, Mr. Sperry, of Connecticut, refused to respond to the roll call. The result was 20 short of a quorum. The House adjourned at 1:40.

In the Senate Mr. Hoar, Rep., of Massachusetts, introduced a resolution requesting the secrary of the Treasury to inform the Senate how much and under what appropriation money was paid to defray the expenses of Commissioner Blount, Mr. Gray, Dem., Delaware, gave notice that he would call up the bill repealing the federal election laws and would insist that it remain as unfinished business until disposed of. After the disposition of routine busines and short executive session the Senate at 1:25 adjourned.

Washington, Jan. 6.—After nearly a week's time having been wasted in a vain effort to get a quorum, the Democrats at last mustered 180 votes, 40 more than the necessary number. Mr. Catchings, from the committee on Rules, reported a special order calling for a vote on the tariff bill for January 20. The previous question was ordered on the report and adopted, 180 to 1. After a sharp parliamentary skirmish Mr. Wilson opened the debate with the same ancient free trade argument. In the evening Messrs. Lane of Illinois, and Bell of Colorado, spoke for the bill and Morse of Massachusetts, and Bowers of California, against it.

Washington, Jan. 9.—There were no new developments in the Congressional situation during Saturday's session of the House. All of the time was wasted in a vain effort to get a qorum. The Democrats did not, during frequent roll calls, come within 11 votes of getting the necessary 179. Several Democrats who are opposed to the Wilson bill refused to vote.

WORLD'S FAIR BURNS

MANY GREAT BUILDINGS GO UP IN SMOKE.

Ruins Stand Now Where Was the Perestyle and Liberal Arts Building—Disastrous Blaze at Chicago.

Chicago, Jan. 9.—The first and most universal feeling to-day regarding the World's Fair fire of last night was one of keen regret that the symmetry of the marvelously beautiful court of honor should have been marred by the red-tongued fiend whose malice has herstofore brought sorrow and suffering to Chicago. Others took a more philosophical view of the situation, saying the fire but anticipated the work which time would have assuredly done. Still others expressed the wish, barring the fact that the exhibits had not all been removed, that the flames had been given their will without let or hindrance, and that they might have swept the ground from end to end, including the Midway, leaving nothing behind them but ashes and the indestructible portion of the great exposition. Should it have had a fitting finale? Unexampled in the magic of its rearing, and unmatched in its almost supernatural beauty, its end would have been equally unparrelleled, and its grandeur would have been treasured in memory unblemished by the gnawing tooth of time, instead of falling apart piece by piece and becoming the melancholy reminder of vanished loveliness.

Scene of Desolation.

The scene at the eastern end of the court of honor to-day was one of utter desolation and destruction, where at sunset last night gleamed the white columns of the peristyle, flanked by the music hall and casino, and capped and ornamented by the imposing quadriga over the central arch and the rows of figures along its cornice. The peristyle is no more, and the music hall and casino are heaps of ashes. Save for the great golden statue of the Republic, standing in unmoved majesty at the eastern end of the basin, the view from the grand plaza in front of the administration, between the agricultural building on one side and the great manufactures hall on the other, the view out over the blue waters of Lake Michigan was unobstructed, and what was yesterday a perfect architectural whole is now an unsightly and sorrowful aggregation of unbalanced architeture.

Mars the Symetry.

Thus does one little change mar the symmetry of an artistic whole; thus is shown with what almost inspired knowledge of artistic unity the builders of the World's Fair worked. The beauty of the grand court is completely taken away as an artistic whole, and the plans for its preservation have been put completely to rout unless it shall be determined to rebuild the destroyed portion—a thing not at all likely.

Probably no more magnificent yet terrifying spectacle has ever been witnessed this side of the Atlantic. It was long after dark last night when belated people returning from work to their homes in the southern suburbs along the elevated road, familiar to hundreds of thousands of World's Fair visitors, noticed a constantly enlarging column of fire and smoke ascending skyward in the east.

World's Fair on Fire.

"The World's Fair is on fire," was the cry, and a few indeed of the fascinated watchers from the train windows alighted until the famous terminal at the exposition grounds are reached. The last half mile of the journey is directly east of the Fair, so that all view of the blazing pleasure houses of the world was shut off for a time completely.

Directly across the scene of the frightful fire of the Cold Storage warehouse where scores of firemen lost their lives during the Fair, hundreds of spectators hurried from the trains into the celebrated court of honor. There, suddenly, the conflagration came into full view.

Whirlwinds of Blazing Embers.

Whirlwinds of blazing embers were being carried from the end of the court of honor farthest from the Administration building high over the mammoth roof of the Liberal Arts building, the largest structure on earth. The great golden statue of the republic could be seen lifting her white cap defiantly aloft through the clouds of smoke and flame.

The fire had been burning less than an hour when a thunderous crash of falling timber and a tremendous shout from the crowd announced the collapse of the peristyle. A moment later another terrific yell from the crowd told that the liberal arts building had caught fire and that the whole exposition was threatened.

Last of the Peristyle.

A dramatic incident marked the destruction of the peristyle. One of the ladders bearing up a group of firemen fell with the columns, and one of the heroic fire-fighters went down to death, while a number of others suffered injuries more or less severe.

The sky was livid, brilliant at this time with falling sparks, many of which fell away to the North, showering the roofs of the art palace, women's building and the various state structures with fire. Every train and street car added momentarily thousands to the throngs of people, and but for the terrifying spectacle and the danger to life and property it seemed as if the greatest gala night of all at the World's Fair was on in all its glory.

Started in the Casino.

The fire started in the casino, just east of the agricultural building and south of the peristyle. The casino was quickly devoured, and the flames surged north on the top of the peristyle, and, dropping, made a second line of fire along the base of the columns. The flames then sprang through the music hall, which corresponds at the north end of the peristyle to the casino at the south. While the fire was burning there was one of the most singular and fascinating sights of the night.

Along the top of the peristyle were scores of statues. The spectacle for those people fortunate enough to be on the moving sidewalk just east of the peristyle was that of a succession of gigantic beings plunging, one after another, headlong into the waters of the lake below.

Started by Tramps.

The origin of the fire is said to be revenge on the part of a couple of tramps. The solitary guard in the music hall says that just before the flames broke out he kicked two vagabonds out of the music hall and told them to find quarters elsewhere. They left in the direction of the casino and soon after the fire broke out, and soon everything on the grounds was terror and confusion. Fears of looting added to the horror of the scene. At about 10 o'clock with a possible loss of about a million dollars by fire in the manufactures building alone the authorities began to realize that a large element in the crowd was composed of idlers who once started in lawlessness it would be hard to control. Such preparations as could be hurriedly made were set in motion to remove goods and guard other buildings, but all such efforts were the merest child's play.

Couldn't Remove Property.

The utter hopelessness of such attempts on such short notice were made apparent at once. The few officers on guard could hardly do more than shut their eyes and grit their teeth, hoping against hope that the flames would soon be stayed.

Remorselessly the fire was hurling itself through the interstices of the big iron arches at the dizzy heights above. The flames wound, boa constrictor fashion in and around the mammoth electric light coronas suspended from the roof.

Below these fearful circles of iron likely to drop at any moment, no man dared to go, even the hardiest not venturing within a hundred feet. Frantic horses with heavily loaded trucks, were plunging through the aisles, now encumbered with wreckage or drenched with the falling cataracts of water, most of which fell far short of the topmost flames.

Clouds of Vapor and Smoke.

The clouds of smoke of smoke and vapor that every moment or two shut out the view of the fire in the roof were colored in the most fantastic fashion, running from green and violet to vivid scarlet. Just what caused the extraordinary views, none seemed to know. Guesses were that the dyestuff and chemicals in the exhibits drowned in water were the origin.

Opinions semed to be general that the loss by water would be even greater than before. The federal officials put the maximum loss, if the fire does not spread beyond the Liberal Arts building, at $1,000,000. On the other hand, the estimates made by the people connected with the local directory made the highest figures, $2,500,000, in the Liberal Arts building.

Great Iron Arch Gave Way.

At 10:45 a great iron arch gave way directly above the French ward, and falling heavily burled them beneath the burning pile, and they were abandoned. Back of the French was the Japanese exhibit, and about it clustered a crowd of scared and frantic Japanese. This, like many exhibits, has not been released from bond, and the goods could not be taken from the building. Under the direction of some Japanese officials the wares were carted to the doors, and there they stood, guarded by natives of the flowery kingdom, who sorrowfully awaited the destruction that seemed inevitable. All of the American exhibits had long ago been removed, but the formalities of the custom house had detained the goods of the foreigners.

Superintendent Graham, of the Manufactures building, said it would be weeks before a schedule of the damages could be prepared. "It can hardly be over-estimated," said Mr. Graham. "It is an awful sacrifice of wealth. I have feared this ever since the Fair was closed, and now it has come worse than I ever dreamed."

Exhibitors Were Frantic.

All thruogh the great structure frantic exhibitors rushed, seeking the safety of their goods. "Our hands are tied," said one. "We can not remove our wares from the building. We must stand idly by and see them burn. We can do nothing."

The fire department fought with energy and skill, but the conditions were all against success. A fierce wind came over the lake, flinging fiery embers everywhere, and fanning the flames into fierce life with every moment.

Huge billows of flame rolled north ward over the great glass roof, being manfully combatted by the men upon the roof, who were handicapped, however, by the lack of water. A heroic effort was made to get streams to the top of the grand structure, for the only apparent salvation of the structure lay in getting men upon the encircling promenade and pouring streams into the furnace below.

Not Without Loss of Life.

The great fire was not without its work of death and injury. For the second time within the history of the exposition firemen risked life and limb to save the property of others and saddened homes are the result. The dead are:

WILLIAM MACKEY, pipeman Engine Company No. 61, fell from ladder on peristyle, internally injured and died at Mercy hospital.

The injured:

Capt. Frederick Getz, Truck Company, No. 16, fell from roof of manufacturers' building; left leg broken, chest badly injured and internally hurt.

Eugene Durand, watchman in the French section of the manufacturers' building; struck on head by plank, badly cut and bruised; removed to Emergency hospital.

BRIDGE COMPANY TO BLAME.

Verdict of the Coroner's Jury in the Louisville Disaster.

Louisville, Ky., Jan. 9.—The coroner's inquest into the Louisville and Jeffersonville bridge disaster was concluded yesterday. The verdict was that the accident was due to negligence on the part of the Phoenix Bridge Company in failing to take proper precaution for the safety of the men. The jury did not take over five minutes to reach a verdict. Some sensational testimony was given by R. C. Woolford, foreman of the erection gang, this morning. He declared the terrible accident was the result of disobedience of orders, as when asked by a sub-foreman if it was safe to let the men work on the traveler in its leaning condition he had given instructions to keep them off until Superintendent McKee could be seen about it. Woolford stated that when he returned from Mr. McKee the men were on the traveler and five minutes later the accident occurred.

HIS EGGS WERE ROTTEN.

Governor Lewelling Gets Into a Business Trouble.

Topeka, Kan., Jan. 9.—Governor Lewelling left the city yesterday hurriedly on a west-bound train, and his sudden departure and the secrecy of his mission created a great deal of comment. It seems that the governor is engaged in the butter and egg business in Wichita and that his firm had shipped a car load of this produce to Salt Lake City. When it arrived the claim was made that the eggs were musty, many of them rotten, and the butter was rancid. The Wichita member of the firm realized that something must be done and telegraphed Governor Lewelling to go on the first train.

Judge Key Will Retire.

Knoxville, Tenn., Jan. 9.—Hon. D. M. Key, United States judge for the eastern district of Tennessee, said today that he will retire from the bench soon after his 70th birthday. Mr. Key, although at that time a Democrat, was appointed postmaster general by President Hayes.

"Disfigured For Life"

Is the despairing cry of thousands afflicted with
Unsightly skin diseases.
Do you realize what this disfiguration means to sensitive souls?
It means isolation, seclusion.
It is a bar to social and business success.
Do you wonder that despair seizes upon these sufferers when
Doctors fail,
Standard remedies fail,
And nostrums prove worse than useless?
Skin diseases are most obstinate to cure or even relieve.
It is an easy matter to claim to cure them, but quite another thing to do so.
CUTICURA
Has earned the right to be called the Skin Specific—
Because for years it has met with most remarkable success.
There are cases that it cannot cure, but they are few indeed.
It is no long-drawn-out expensive experiment.
25c. invested in a cake of
CUTICURA SOAP
Will prove more convincing than a page of advertisement.
In short,
CUTICURA WORKS WONDERS.
And its cures are simply marvelous.
Now is the time
To take CUTICURA.
CURES made in WINTER
Are permanent.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston.
"All about the Skin, Scalp, and Hair," mailed free.

SENATOR FAULKNER MARRIED.

A Brilliant Wedding at Hampton, Virginia.

Fortress Monroe, Va., Jan. 4.—Of the many brilliant weddings that have taken place in Old St. John's church at Hampton during the two hundred and fifty years of its existence, Senator Faulkner and Miss Whiting easily heads the list.

The day was lovely, and the entire peninsula turned out to witness the event. At 5 o'clock, the party comprising the eight groomsmen and bridesmaids, advanced from the wings and formed in the main aisle to receive the bride.

The organ and orchestra commenced playing the wedding march from Lohengrin, when a chorus of eight young lady friends of the bride, all dressed in pink chiffon over satin, sang the march as they advanced to meet the bride, who entered at this moment on the arm of her father, and passed through the lines thus formed to the chancel, where the groom and his best man was smilingly awaiting her arrival. They were followed by the bridal party and ushers, who took positions on either side of the altar. The rector, Rev. Dr. Bryan, proceeded with the Episcopal marriage service. The Senator and his bride left for the South to-night.

COUNTERFEIT NICKEL CASE

Is Now on Trial at Bay City, Michigan.

Bay City, Jan. 5.—The counterfeit nickel case brought to Bay City from Otter Lake, Lapeer Co., had a hearing in the office of United States Commissioner McMath yesterday afternoon. The testimony went to show that Wilber Loree and Isaac Snow live on farms not far from Otter Lake, and had been good friends until recently, when Snow informed Deputy Sheriff Beardsley that Loree was mkaing counterfeit nickels. Detective Abbott, of the secret service, was informed, went to Otter Lake on December 28, returning there January 1, and causing the arrest of Loree the following day. Eight lead nickels, which Snow said he obtained from Loree, were turned over to the officers, and Loree, when searched, was found to have two nickels in one of his pockets.

These he said were given to him by a man whom he afterwards said was Snow. This led to the searching of Snow, without finding anything. Snow was also arrested and made a defendant with Loree. Loree's house was searched, but nothing aside from a ladle was found. The defense requested an adjournment of a week. Loree was held in $500, and Snow let go on his own recognizance.

OVER OGDEN'S MILLIONS.

Some of the Heirs Are Very Anxious to Reopen the Fight.

New York, Jan. 3.—A motion was made before Surrogate Fitzgerald today which may reopen the litigation over $10,000,000 left by William B. Ogden, the first mayor of Chicago, who died in 1877. The executors of the will are his widow, his nephew, William Ogden Wheeler, his brother-in-law, the late Edwin L. Sheldon, of Chicago, Edwin H. Green, of this city, and Gen. W. E. Strong, of Chicago.

The motion made was to reinstate certain objections made by four of the heirs to matters of the administration of the estate on the ground that the executors have failed to pay over the proceeds of lapsed legacies on which the widow makes a claim. They are said to amount to about $250,000. There are about 25 nephews and nieces and four of them made the motion.

The surrogate reserved decision.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS?

A Robbery's Roost Discovered Under the Agricultural Building.

Chicago, Jan. 3.—A robbers' roost, rich with plunder, has been found beneath the floor of the great agricultural building at the World's Fair grounds. The thieves escaped, but much valuable stolen property was recovered. The den was sumptuously furnished with Turkish rugs, fabrics from foreign looms, rich draperies and comfortable divans. Fine brandies, high-priced wines and imported cigars were scattered about the place in great profusion.

Three men were seen stealing whisky bottles, and following them, officers in pursuit found a well-beaten path under the building leading to the den. It is probable that the thieving has been going on ever since the close of the fair, as articles have been missed for many weeks.

FOR THE PYTHIAN CONVENTION.

Arrangements Now Being Made at Washington.

Washington, Jan. 4.—The Knights of Pythias in this city are getting well in hand the work of organization for the encampment of the order, to be held in this city next August. Committees have been appointed to canvass the whole city and also all trades and business.

The committee on public comfort also has been named, and provision will be made at once to send circulars of information to all Pythian lodges. Arrangements can be made for entertaining 150,000 visitors, and Gen. James R. Carnahan, the head of the order, says that 2,000 uniformed men will encamp on the monument lot, south of the White House, the use of which has been granted by an act of Congress.

FOUR MEN KILLED.

Explosion of a Powder Mill in New York.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Jan. 6.—The Laflin & Rand powder mill, at Rifton, Ulster county, twelve miles from the city, blew up at 7 o'clock this morning. Four men were killed and several badly wounded.

SCHEMES AND IOWA SENATORS.

Stated That Gear Will Pull Out of the Race.

Des Moines, Ia., Jan. 9.—There are two new rumors afloat to-day in regard to the senatorial fight; one is that the friends of General Clarkson, now in New York, will spring his name before the final fight comes. The second is that Senator James F. Wilson will resign immediately, as his health is very poor, and that Governor Jackson as soon as inaugurated will appoint Mr. Gear to fill the vacancy. This would of course include the withdrawal of Gear from the present contest.

The latter rumor is more apt to develop into something serious than the former, as Mr. Clarkson has repeatedly written to his friends that he has no desire to re-enter politics. In fact that he will not do so under any circumstances, as he is engrossed in business. If Gear should be withdrawn as suggested there remain five candidates in the field, and it would become a hard struggle between them.

JUMPING ON MORTON.

Secretary Southworth Sends Cleveland Some Resolutions.

Denver, Jan. 6.—R. A. Southworth, secretary of the Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union of Colorado, this morning transmitted, by order of the council of the union, a copy of the following resolution to President Cleveland and J. Sterling Morton, secretary of Agriculture:

"Resolved, That we condemn the course pursued by J. Sterling Morton, secretary of Agriculture, in his ungentlemanly and un-farmer-like, ungallant and vicious attack at Chicago upon organizations of the tillers of the soil, and we earnestly urge President Cleveland to displace him with a competent man, who has at least some sympathy with the agriculturists. The office he now holds was created for the farmers at their demand, and inasmuch as 88 per cent of all exports of the country are produced on the farm, we believe the farmers are entitled to a genuine representative in this office; one who is in sympathy with their interests."

HIS INSTANT REMOVAL.

Demand Made Upon Gov. Lewelling by the Federation of Labor.

Topeka, Kan., Jan. 6.—Secretary Samuelson, of the Kansas Federation of Labor, has just sent to the governor sensational and severe resolutions passed at the Leavenworth meeting and not made public until they were sent to the executive office to-day.

The resolutions demand immediate removal of State Labor Commissioner Todd, say he is not only unfit and incompetent but was not a wage worker, identified with labor interests or eligible when appointed. The resolutions urge every labor organization to strive for the defeat of the re-nomination of Governor Lewelling or defeat at the polls if nominated, because of the governor's action in naming and retaining Todd.

SMALLPOX IN NASHVILLE.

Four Cases Said to Have Been Imported From Chicago.

Nashville, Jan. 9.—Four cases of genuine smallpox and one suspicious case were discovered in this city Sunday. The sick are all negroes and are in three different houses in the northwestern part of this city. It is said the disease was brought here by negroes who came from Chicago to work in the Cudahy pork factory. Two cases growing out of these in Nashville have been discovered at Shelbyville. The cases have been quarantined and effort will be made to prevent a spread of the disease.

RIOT AT OTTUMWA.

Prisoners Tear Things to Pieces Because They Want More Supper.

Ottumwa, Ia., Jan. 9.—A riot occurred at the county jail Sunday evening. Thirty prisoners got angry because they were refused more supper and broke up all the furniture in the jail, ripped off the cell doors, threw them in the corridor and pelted the family of the turnkey with coal, which they threw at them through the "chuckhole." A platoon of police was called and quelled the disturbance, locking the ringleaders in close cells.

WOULDN'T LET HIM GO.

Richard Klocke, an Embryo American Citizen, Forced Into the Army.

Nebraska City, Neb., Jan. 5.—Richard Klocke, who went from here to Westphalia to visit his mother, has been detained by the German government and forced to enter the army. Klocke has lived in this country several years, but has only taken out his first naturalization papers.

Hon. L. P. Morton is Better.

Levi P. Morton, formerly vice president of the United States, has completely recovered from the effects of the surgical operation performed recently upon his left foot.

London, Jan. 3.—A dispatch to the Standard from Paris says that Mr.

Swindling German Immigrants.

Baltimore, Jan. 3.—There is considerable complaint among German immigrants who have recently arrived at this port, that a number of their fellow travelers were swindled in Germany by parties who induced them to exchange their good money for notes of the late Southern Confederacy.

They Won't Adjourn Right Away.

Denver, Colo., Jan. 5.—A caucus of 25 members of the lower house has decided